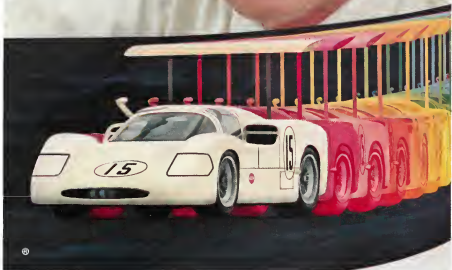


# Sports Illustrated

MAY 1, 1991 40 CENTS

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JIM HALL AND THE CHAPARRAL





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Most of it (Over 85%)	<b>7</b> (30-85%)	5 (Under 35%)	<b>3</b> None of it <b>1</b>
<b>How often do you drive on unpaved, rough or potholed roads?</b>			
Frequently (Over 85%)	<b>6</b> (30-85%)	5 (Under 35%)	<b>3</b> Never <b>1</b>
<b>How much turnpike or freeway driving do you do?</b>			
A great deal (Over 85%)	<b>8</b> (30-85%)	<b>6</b> (Under 35%)	<b>4</b> None <b>1</b>
<b>How much of your driving do you do with heavy loads (3 or more adult passengers, a full trunk or both)?</b>			
Most of it (Over 85%)	<b>7</b> (30-85%)	5 (Under 35%)	<b>4</b> None of it <b>1</b>
<b>How many miles do you drive in this car per year?</b>			
30,000	<b>8</b> 15,000	<b>7</b> 10,000	<b>5</b> 5,000 or less <b>3</b>
<b>How long do you expect to keep this car?</b>			
8 years or more	<b>7</b> 10 years	<b>6</b> 12 years	<b>4</b> 4 years or less <b>3</b>
<b>How do you normally stop, start and climb?</b>			
Faster than average	<b>7</b> Average	<b>5</b> Slower than average	<b>3</b>

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tire people.



**B.F. Goodrich**

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## Next week

"WATCH THE WHITE SOX" is now the word in the American League. William Leggett says the reason is the superb play of two young outfielders: Tommie Agee and Ken Berry.

THE DERBY SPECTACLE, a portfolio of impressions of the week at Churchill Downs by artist Paul Davis, together with a final review of the contenders by Whitney Tower.

KING NUSSEIF of Jordan wants his people to get with modern times, and in sport he shows them how. As Hussein's guest, Virginia Kraft observes the King in spirited action.



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**EYE** for the line  
apparently, it's an  
apparently, it's not  
apparently, it's not  
apparently, it's not  
apparently, it's not



**LO** for the "Dura-Wite!"  
apparently, it's not  
apparently, it's not  
apparently, it's not  
apparently, it's not



**LOOK** for the line  
apparently, it's not  
apparently, it's not  
apparently, it's not  
apparently, it's not



**CALL** for the line  
apparently, it's not  
apparently, it's not  
apparently, it's not  
apparently, it's not



**NOTICE** for the line  
apparently, it's not  
apparently, it's not  
apparently, it's not  
apparently, it's not



**LOOK** for the line  
apparently, it's not  
apparently, it's not  
apparently, it's not  
apparently, it's not

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We're asking you to lay out 75 bucks for our Uniroyal® Master size 8.25-14 tire. And we're asking for your old tire besides. Maybe you think that's too much to pay for a tire. And maybe it is. But only until something happens. Like a gaping pothole coming up out of nowhere. Or a sudden rainstorm slicking down the road. Or a rusty old nail lying in wait for you on a lonely road in the middle of the night. That's when this tire is worth \$75. That's when it's worth all the money in the world. Sizes other than 8.25-14 priced accordingly.

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## SHOPWALK

It takes a lot of crocodiles to make a handbag good enough for a Milanesa

The motto of Valestra runs: *Sono la più bella e la più cara*, which means, "I am the most beautiful and the most expensive." Valestra, a small family-owned company that manufactures and sells fine leather goods in Milan, Italy, is right on both counts. At Valestra, for example, a man can buy a neat little bag to hold his tennis shorts, shoes and racket for \$225. If he is staying at a hotel and hates the clutter of regular suitcases, Valestra can give him a traveling dresser in leather that stores his shirts in separate drawers, just as at home. Price \$289. A crocodile handbag for his wife or lady friend will cost him \$1,800. "because," explains Saleslady Jenny Radice, "we have to use four or five crocodiles."

Why so many crocs? Well, to achieve the quality Valestra insists on for such fine articles, it seems only the madpatters of a crocodile will do.

Valestra attache cases are wonders of handmade precision and cost around \$233. For a few more dollars you can get one equipped with Valestra's own "Sherlock Holmes" lock. All our cases with Sherlock Holmes lock have on delivery the combination zero included, which means the three knobs set after close rotation on antelockwise course... make the desired combination as many times of stupas as are the corresponding numbers of combination... set on the pushbottom".

Valestra was founded 30 years ago by Giovanni Fontana, who at 70 still manages its one retail outlet at Piazza San Ruffino, 1, Milan. Giovanni's son Giampiero, a Milanese sportsman who, presumably, carries his tennis duds in his firm's \$225 duffel bag, supervises the manufacturing operation. Neither sees much future for their business. Ten years from now, says Giampiero, "there will be no more artisans sufficiently skilled to hand-craft our pieces and there will be no people left who can understand the glory of buying them."

Who buys them now?

"Milanese," answers Giampiero with a sigh. "Eighty percent of our customers are Milanese. We Milanese are the English of Italy. We see the point of spending money on a fine case. We like the feel of it and the look of it. Valestra's products are not expensive because we are robbers but because we produce them with a devotion that is unique."

Fontana will sell wholesale to U.S. quality stores if he has to, but he'd rather not. "If they bought a lot," he says, "we wouldn't be able to supply them."

Besides, their customers are foreigners and wouldn't understand.

—BRUCE SHINKER

small

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# SCORECARD

## A MATTER OF PRINCIPLE

Last week Muhammad Ali said he wasn't going in the Army, because as a "so-called Negro" he wouldn't murder to "help continue the domination of white slavemasters." He said the real enemy of his people was here, where "peaceful black people" were being "beaten, stomped and kicked in the street."

Without his gloves on, Ali is just another demagogue and an apologist for his so-called religion, and his views on Vietnam don't deserve rebuttal. But the other quotes are truthful. For example, earlier this year an Atlanta, peaceful black people were beat up—by five of Ali's fellow Black Muslims when they refused to buy the house paper, *Mohammad Speaks*. Then, while the Muslims were being booked, they assaulted police officers.

And in Omaha last month, when a policeman approached Theopholis X to see if he had a permit to peddle *Mohammad Speaks*, he took the cop's gun and shot him. During his preliminary hearing Theopholis grabbed a detective's gun and in the struggle shot a second cop. Next two Black Muslims in the courtroom jumped two other cops but on a command from a fourth Muslim stopped fighting, raised their hands and shouted, "Police brutality."

It is, of course, purposeless to dwell on the good Ali could have done for black and white alike if he hadn't aligned himself with the Muslims. But if indeed he does go to jail, Ali can achieve the martyrdom he seeks only if it is shown that he is sacrificing himself for the sake of a principle worthy of the name.

## AMERICAN

There is a waiter at Mickie Finn's, the San Diego saloon, who parts his hair in the middle, is introduced as Ludwig Yoyo and does a great yoyo act.

"I am the recognized world yoyo champion," says Ludwig Yoyo, who is 35 and comes from Wildwood, N.J., where he began life as Ludwig Robert

Baah. "I've got 20/17 vision. That's better than 20/20. You need good eyes, but it's more than that—it's feel, it's control, it's coordination."

"I went on tour with the Duncan Yoyo Company when I was 16. My mother had to sign her permission. I've been all over the U.S. doing exhibitions and selling yoyos. We sold 400,000 yoyos in San Francisco in 1963. The best town we ever hit, though, was Nashville, Tennessee. We sold more yoyos in Nashville than they had residents. They had 223,000 people there and we sold them 239,000 yoyos."

"I am also the world champion in go-go ball. The yoyo people were pushing go-go ball for a couple of years, but it didn't go over like yoyos. We made \$35,000 in four weeks, though, in Portland, Oregon."

"I also happen to be No. 3 in top spinning. One and two? I forget their names. They held the championships at Disneyland a couple of years ago."

"But I get tired of traveling, so I work as a waiter and I do the bit. I've put on charity gigs, shows in orphanages and hospitals. I'm like Roy Rogers on a white horse. The kids have to come see me. I'm telling you, man, this is Americana."

## TAXING QUESTION

The San Francisco Giants are a rewarding team. Alvan Dark used to give out golf balls as bonuses. Willie McCovey once got a free dinner each time he hit to left. Now Gaylord Perry has revealed that he has a standing offer of a \$10 dinner to any teammate who bats in three runs in a game for him. "It cost me about \$150 last year," says Perry, "but it certainly was worth it." Perry, who won 21 games in 1966, makes more than \$50,000.

This year Perry is adding an incentive. "I'm offering the shortstop and second baseman dinners if they complete three double plays in a game," he says. "However, there's a string attached. I've got to win the game."

That's not all. Learning that the dinners might be deductible, Perry is thinking of putting them down as a business expense on his income tax return. But if the winning and dining mounts up, will the recipients of Perry's largesse have to report it as taxable income?

## MAN VS. DOG

It was nothing he could pinpoint, but Yves Blatgé figured there was something vaguely insufferable about his dog, Moloff, right from the start. Blatgé is a ski guide, instructor, mountaineer and all-round rugged type at Courchevel, France, and he has enough troubles with wealthy tourists without taking any curled lip from a Dalmatian. Still, "I could tell by the way he sort of looked at me," says Yves, "that he figured he was a better man than I was."

First they went for a walk, and Moloff walked faster, looking over his shoulder disgustedly. Then they broke into a run and, naturally, Moloff won paws down.

"He got to lying around the house sneering at me," says Yves, "so I took him mountain climbing. He was good in the foothills. But when we got to the straight-up-and-down, hand-over-hand



part he couldn't make it too well, and we hung there on the wall and I looked him in the face and said, 'Aha! You see! Now I am the best, no!' Score one for man. But on the way down, Moloff recovered enough to beat Blatgé jumping from rock to rock, and they ended up at the same standoff.

A couple of weeks ago Yves showed up at the double-char lift with skis and

CONTINUED

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#### SCORECARD *continued*

Moloff, hoisted the dog aboard and muttered, "Now sit still, we're going way up." The dog sat there, trying hard not to appear choked, and at the top Yves unloaded him and then put on skis. "Now then," he said, "take off." Moloff began barreling hell-bent down the icy slope, skittering and careening around the corners, and about halfway down Yves came by in a blur, all tucked over. He waited for Moloff at the bottom, and when the dog came lurching down, tongue out, he said, "Now go home and lie down and shut up." The dog has been lying there ever since, not looking Yves in the eye. "I think maybe he is plotting something," says Yves.

#### ROCKY'S EDGE

It's a good cause but a bad bet. For every \$1 million worth of tickets sold in the New York State lottery, the proceeds of which are to go to education, there will only be \$300,000 in prizes. In other words, the take is \$700,000, or 70%, or suck-er.

By way of contrast, the take on all bets in roulette in Nevada is 57%, the take in horse racing in New York is 15% and the take in the numbers racket is merely in the neighborhood of 50%.

#### ECUMENICALISM

When Albie Swartz of St. John's University was told he had been named to an All-America basketball team, he said, "It isn't kosher." After all, Albie had only averaged six points a game.

But it was for real. Albie was on the Jewish All-America team selected by *American Jewish Life*, a monthly.

"Well, I guess it's kosher," said Albie, a Catholic, "but it isn't orthodox."

#### NO VROOM AT THE INDY (CONT.)

The thing about Andy Granatelli's old four-wheel-drive race car was that although it never won the Indianapolis 500 you always knew where it was. Every time it lumbered down the straightaway it gave out with a *vroom* that shook the fillings out of your teeth, and it was the loveliest loser racing ever had.

Alas, as we told you two weeks back, them decibels are gone forever. This year Granatelli has entered a hot new turbo-jet car that doesn't make a peep, much less a *vroom*. But for a moment there we thought we might at least be able to hear an echo of the clamorous past.

Said Granatelli: "Knowing Indianapolis

*continued*



Portage people, you've got a big problem on your hands: Mr. Portage.

We hate to say it, but it looks like success has gone straight to your boss's head.

Have you noticed the way he's been behaving lately?

Swaggering when he walks; and wearing pin striped suits; with carnations in the lapels, no less.

He's beginning to look like the shoe business's answer to Beau Brummell.

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And then you can watch us inspect those shoes again and again—a full five times more than most other companies.

And then you'll understand why you don't see fancy suits and carnations and pomp and pageantry at Weyenberg.

Who has the time?



Weyenberg Massagic Shoes

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## The "Sorehead" Stratagem

Pennsylvania advises that there are times when it's best to revert to the primitive. Here you strip off the veneer of courtesy. You become a "bad sport." And sneer soundlessly at your opponent's good shots . . . applaud his errors. You disagree with his calls . . . question his scorekeeping. This stratagem does not promote rematches; but if you win, it doesn't matter. Important point: Answer all questions with questions, using impatient inflection. Opponent: "Was that in?" You: "What do you think?"

### The *Pennsylvania* Centre Court Advantage

While your mental strategy is undermining your opponent's peace of mind, make your triumph even more inevitable with Centre Court. Play the Centre Court ball, famous for dependability and long service. Swing the Centre Court racket, made to amplify your physical potential. *Pennsylvania* Centre Court.

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oil's race buffs like the racket of exhausts. I spent \$1,000 this spring for a noise-maker. It was a box with a rectifier that boomed taped engine sounds from speakers in the tail of the car. It was ear-splitting, even putting that beloved shaking sound of the Nova to shame. But then I figured, what the hell, if you have a quiet wife you aren't going to give her voice exercises. So if you are at Indianapolis you've got to watch for us to go by. You won't hear us coming or going."

### NO GREATER LOVE

Arnold Palmer and Jack Nicklaus were paired during the second round of the Las Vegas Tournament of Champions. On the par-3 14th hole, Nicklaus' tee shot hit a spectator. Kerry Lavec of Las Vegas, on the head, the ball bouncing into high grass to the left of the green. After Nicklaus got his par, he gave the blood-stained ball to Lavec. As Nicklaus walked off, Lavec, who wasn't seriously hurt, said to a companion, "I wish Arnie had hit me. He's my favorite."

### HOW TO SUCCEED BY REALLY TRYING

In the past eight years Kansas State has won 10 football games. So last December the Wildcats got themselves a new coach, Vince Gibson, who had been a party to two rebuilding programs: first at Florida State and then at Tennessee.

Recently a Kansas State booster wrote to give us a progress report.

"Below," he states, "are a few items of interest [Gibson] has done since coming to the Kansas State campus."

"1. Purple carpeting, white walls (school colors) in football dressing room, along with pep-in music."

"2. Construction has started on a football dormitory with swimming pool."

"3. Plans have been approved on a \$2 million-plus stadium."

"4. Mr. Gibson and aides have repainted the Baptist church where they attend."

"5. Mr. Gibson has convinced many he can produce a winner."

### FEROCEOUS WORMONS

Quick. Which is the best college Rugby team in the U.S.? UCLA? No. USC? No. Occidental? No. The Church College of Hawaii? Keenec. Located on the beach at Kaneohe, Oahu, CCH is a Mormon school whose student body of 1,200 is 80% Polynesian. The Rugby team, which is made up of these Tongans, Samoans,

FOREWORD

GM

SALES & SERVICE



Photo: Mark O'Connell

## Pontiac makes five Firebirds that look this good. One of them is just your speed.

We're staring down the scoops of *Firebird 400*, the most magnificent of Pontiac's Magnificent Five. Which means that it's propelled by 325 horses, hitched to a heavy-duty floor shift and mounted on special suspension.

More car than you'd care to handle? No problem. There are four more Firebirds where the 400 came from. *Firebird HD* will turn you on to the tune of dual exhausts and the driving beat of a 285-hp V-8. *Firebird Sprint*, our European thing, comes with all the accoutrements of an Alpine rally car: floor shift, sports suspen-

sion, sophisticated Overhead Cam engine. Our *Firebird 326* is for family-style sporting with a regular-gas V-8. And for funning around (in style) there's our 165-hp regular-gas *Firebird*.

In short, there's a Firebird for everybody. And they all come with goodies like bucket seats, carpeting, Pontiac's exclusive space-saving collapsible spare and the complete GM safety package.

How come only Pontiac offers such a choice? It's only easy when you know how. **Pontiac's Magnificent Five**



Out of Firestone's unmatched winning record at the Indianapolis 500 comes a new concept in tire safety. The Wide Oval passenger-car tire. Built like a race tire. Nearly two inches wider than conventional tires. To grip better. Corner easier. Run cooler. Stop quicker.

The New  
Super Sports

## WIDE OVAL TIRE



This is probably  
the shape of  
your present tire.

This is the new  
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Figuas and Maoris, went to Los Angeles earlier this year and, although outweighed 30 pounds a man, beat Occidental 11-6, UCLA 17-8 and Loyola 33-3, and was proclaimed No. 1 by the Los Angeles Rugby Union.

CCH's top scorer is Joe Vakalala, a Fijian who works as a spear dancer at the Polynesian Cultural Center in Laie. Vakalala also kicks 50-yard field goals, runs the 440 in 51 seconds and tosses the javelin 192 feet. The biggest man on the squad is 340-pound John Philip, a Tongan, a Cultural Center dancer and for the past three years state heavy weight wrestling champ.

According to CCH Athletic Director John C. Lowell, before a Rugby league was founded in Hawaii five years ago, "A game between our students usually ended up in a brawl because everyone would rather die than admit the Tongans were tougher. I've never seen such ferocity! Tongans love contact and this joins the other teams, who can't imagine anyone can be that fierce."

Lowell says his hardest job was getting the team to follow his modern conditioning program, which means running six miles a day in addition to practice. The daily 90-minute practice consists of a four-mile run, 50 full squats with 120-pound barbells, running up and down 18 bleacher steps 50 times and a scrimmage.

Says Lowell: "The Polynesians had in mind that any big Caucasian was soft and sloppy, and it surprised them to see the big, hard fellows on the mainland. They realized they'd take a lot of pushing around in the first half, but if we kept them running we'd take them in the second half, which is what happened."

#### THEY SAID IT

• Joe DiMaggio, asked why he was at Golden Gate racetrack the day the San Francisco Giants opened at home. "Oh, I just don't give a rap for baseball anymore. It's just too dull."

• Mitzi Miron, sister of Bob Miron, former Syracuse University coxswain, after being coxswain for a day. "Following in your father's footsteps might be a difficult chore, but filling your brother's seat certainly proved to be a lot easier."

• Hugh Fennerty, Texas League president, addressing the Dallas-Fort Worth Spurs, who finished last in 1986: "You started last and slowly sank. But it was a team effort. No one man did it." **END**



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**Sports Illustrated**  
MAY 1, 1987

# THE INVADER IS



# THERE

*Along in the murky dawn, California's powerful Ruken, the first Kentucky Derby contender on the scene, works out at Churchill Downs while his chief rivals prep in New York, San Francisco and at Keeneland*

by WHITNEY TOWER

CONTINUED



## THE CHOICE TO REPEL THE INVADER: DAMASCUS

With nearly all prerace returns in, the 93rd Kentucky Derby picture hardly represented an artist's dream of perfect unity and order. In fact, except for a stunning victory by Mrs. Thomas Bancroft's Damascus in the Wood Memorial at Aqueduct last week, the weird goings-on among the 3-year-olds constituted a handicapper's nightmare. What little semblance of order existed was this: Damascus will go to the post at Churchill Downs next week as the favorite to beat a dozen or more colts in the first attempt by any of them to negotiate the classic Derby distance of a mile and a quarter.

Lack of consistent form among the majority of the others has created some bizarre situations, to say the least. For example, last year's 2-year-old champion, Successor, who may wind up the second choice in the Derby, went into this week's Blue Grass Stakes at Keeneland winless in two starts this season.

Lou Rowan's Santa Anita Derby winner, Ruken, the probable third choice and the better of the two colts carrying the hopes of California in the Derby, has been training at Churchill Downs longer than any other horse. Well, trying to train may be a better way of putting it. Last week, for example, on a sloppy Downs strip, Ruken "worked" a mile in the very poor time of 1:49—which was

exactly the same time Patrice Jacobs' Reason to Hail took to win the mile-and-n-eighth California Derby at Goldens Gate Fields a few days later.

Reflected Glory and Dr. Fager, given excellent Derby chances only a few weeks ago, will not get to Louisville after all. Neither will Brunch, Dr. Fager's stablemate, who ran last in the nine-horse Wood Memorial field. Winning or finishing second in Derby preps were such Derby noneligibles as Racing Room, Gala Performance and Kahl Kah-hee. Some who will not start in the Derby, like Yorkville, Great Power and In Reality—not to mention Reflected Glory and Dr. Fager—threaten to make the May 20 Preakness at Pimlico more of a definitive test than the Derby itself.

But for now it is only the Derby that counts, and no matter what develops in this week's Blue Grass, in the Stepping Stone at Churchill Downs or even in next week's one-mile Derby Trial, the big horse has to be Damascus. His triumph in the Wood was a spectacular sight for the 50,521 at Aqueduct, and a perfect exercise in frustration for the millions of TV viewers who were able to watch the race only long enough to see Damascus striding along in fourth place on the backstretch. Then both video and audio went on the blink and blotted out his brilliant winning move. Al-

though it can be said that Damascus may not have beaten very much in the Wood, his way of doing it was first class.

Aside from Trainer Frank Whiteley, who obviously understands him best and who has had much faith in him from the beginning, nobody knows Damascus as well as his regular jockey, Willie Shoemaker. Shoemaker, for example, was the first to admit that he himself was most responsible when Damascus was defeated in the one-mile Gotham, which preceded the Wood by a week. "He was fresh, and when I got to running with him he was rank," Shoemaker added then. "But he'll improve off this race." How right Shoemaker was.

After the Wood he said, "For the first 16th he wanted to run, but I took him back off the leaders and he was completely relaxed. I didn't have to move as fast, and, to be perfectly frank, I rode him better than I did in the Gotham."

The unbeaten and untested Brunch took an immediate lead in the Wood. He and Alfred Vanderbilt's Gala Performance ran together all the way up the backstretch with Dawn Glory, the glory of Puerto Rico, just behind them and Damascus, running freely, just behind him. Going into the far turn, as the television went off, Shoemaker moved with Damascus and so did Laffie Pincay Jr., who had been nursing Provviso along in

*With no urging from jockey Willie Shoemaker, Damascus increases his winning margin to six lengths over Gala Performance in the Wood Memorial*





fifth place. For a moment it looked as if Proviso, and not Damascus, would make the better move, but, although Proviso got to fourth place in the stretch, he quickly faded to finish sixth.

Next so with Damascus. In one long, powerful and beautiful sweep he rolled by Brunch, Gala Performance and Dawn Glory on the turn. Straightening for home, Shremaker hit him four or five times, and at the eighth pole he was a length in front. With no further urging from Shoe, he increased his margin all the way to the wire and coasted under it six lengths ahead of Gala Performance, who was another three in front of Dawn Glory. Considering that he was not pushed, his time of 1:49 3/5 was excellent. So are his chances to become the first Wood Memorial winner to win the Derby since Assault.

Successor and Ruken get their last pre-Derby tests this week, although not against each other. On Thursday, Successor takes on Tumble Wind and Ask The Fare in the Blue Grass, on Saturday, Ruken gives in the seven-furlong Stepping Stone, in which he will face Grand Premiere and Cool Reception. Ruken's approach to a mile-and-a-quarter race—via two sprint prep—is not the most orthodox method of training, but then, Trainer Clyde Turk knows his horse and what is best for him. Two things in Ruken's favor are the advantage of training under various conditions on the unpredictable strip at Churchill Downs and the fact that he will have had a race over the track. Even so, it will be recalled that the last Derby winner to have prep-raced at Louisville was Venetian Way seven years ago.

Beaten only a nose by Ruken in the Spendthrift on April 15, lightly raced Successor should improve. Says Dagen Phelps: "Being driven out of New York to Kentucky may have been a blessing in disguise. If we had had to run a tough mile in the Gotham and then run back exactly a week later in the Wood, it might have been a little hard on him." Jockey Braulio Baeza had his own opinion after Successor was so narrowly beaten in the Spendthrift. Explaining it to his agent, Lenny Goodman, Baeza said, "Ruken will never beat us again, at any distance."

To compensate for losing Reflected Glory, who will miss the Derby because of a sore left shin, Trainer Hirsch Jacobs will go to Louisville with his second-



Barely beaten by Ruken in the Spendthrift, Successor (on rail) should show some improvement.



Looking for racing room on the turn, Wally Blum on Reason to Hail (#8) won the California Derby.

stringer, Reason to Hail, who had finished third behind Dr. Fager and Damascus in the Gotham. After a quick trip from New York to San Francisco, the Hail to Reason gelding got into the \$93,750 California Derby with 114 pounds (12 less than he would have had to carry against Damascus in the Wood and 12 less than he will carry in the Kentucky Derby) and won, with Wally Blum up, by nearly two lengths over long shot Kahl Kabee. The only filly in the race, Deauville, was third, just ahead of Dr. Isby, who is a pretty gutsy chestnut colt by Clem and is owned by Peme L. Gressom. Dr. Isby probably will come on to the Derby, and if he does he rates as a

qualified dark horse. His trainer, Frank Childs, came to Kentucky in 1959 and won with Tony Lee, by a nose over Sword Dancer, who happens to be the sire of Damascus. Aboard Dr. Isby last week was jockey Bill Hartack who, after declining to comment to the press, confided to another jock, "I feel this horse deserves a shot at the Derby. I think if I had ridden him once before I could have done better today. I had him in contention, and then he made a quick left turn on me. I had trouble bringing him back. He's a lot of horse."

The question of which "lot of horse" is the most will be answered in Louisville next week.

END

# ARRIVEDERCI, NINO BENVENUTI

*The best Italian import since olive oil took the middleweight title from Emile Griffith in an exciting bout. He will be back in the U.S. this July to give Emile another chance and boxing a much-needed lift* **by TEX MAULE**

When Nino Benvenuti, an elongated middleweight who looks a bit like a muscular Beetle, won the middleweight championship of the world by dribbling stubby Emile Griffith in Madison Square Garden last week, he may have achieved the most impressive debut in America for any Italian since 1492. Shrugged off by most experts before the fight as just another effete European boxer, Benvenuti won a stylish, no-nonsense victory with an elegant upright stance, extraordinarily quick hands and command tactics which had Griffith floundering helplessly for most of the fight. He survived a sneak right hand that floored him and later took complete control for the final five rounds, despite a deep cut across the bridge of his nose.

When it was all over, Benvenuti endured the wild enthusiasm of his flag-waving compatriots smilingly, then retired to his dressing room and was ill, apparently as the result of an excess of emotion rather than damage inflicted by Griffith. It was two hours before he recovered enough to deliver a short, melodramatic speech to a victory party at Leone's Ristorante in which he attributed his success to father, flag and family in the best tradition of the cliché.

The forgivable plaudits were the only ones to mark Benvenuti's visit to the U.S. He trained for the fight at the Villaggio Italia, a bit of Italy tucked away in the Catskill Mountains about 120 miles from New York, and the training program devised by Libero Golinelli, an ex-Partisan colonel, was refreshingly different.

His training began when Benvenuti arose at dawn and quaffed a concoction of fruit juices, milk and a touch of cognac prepared for him by the *maitre d'* of the Villaggio. Fortified by this, he did

his running, which was longer than most Americans like, stretching sometimes to 10 miles. His meals were Italian and included red wine at lunch and dinner. During the day he read, played tennis, did a little trapshooting and submitted to dozens of interviews by radio, TV and press, all with an engaging good humor.

Benvenuti is tall, he smiles easily and he is, in a rather craggy way, a handsome man. He was notably undisturbed at the thought of fighting Griffith. Fighting he considers his business and his approach to it is matter-of-fact.

"I have no fear in the ring," he said one evening after dinner just before his workout. "When I step between the ropes, the hard part is all over, and if I feel that I am sufficiently prepared, I fear no man. I know Griffith is a good fighter and his style will be new to me, but I am then in my own world and I would not care if he stood on his hands and fought me with his feet. I would know what to do."

Benvenuti is just 29 and he has been fighting since he was 13, losing only one of some 190 amateur and professional fights, so his self-confidence is justified.

"Always in my fights I find that there is a time when I am aware that I have become the master of my opponent," he said one afternoon. "When I beat Mazzurghini for the junior middleweight championship of the world, it came in the sixth round. For five rounds he had been thinking that he could beat me, and his blows had force and authority, but during the sixth round, as I pressed the attack, he lost his confidence and I could feel it in the diminished force of his blows. After that I knew that I would win and I did."

Golinelli, a short man with a stern,

solemn face, came into the room and motioned imperiously to Benvenuti, who grinned at him. It was time for his last hard workout.

"I must go to work now," Benvenuti said. "Golinelli has prepared me well for this. If I lose—and I don't expect to lose—I will have no excuses. I have been as much at home here as I would have been in Italy. This country reminds me of the Dolomites near Trieste, where I live."

Golinelli spoke impatiently in a rapid Italian, and Nino got up lazily and followed him to the basement gymnasium. Dressed in sweats, he began to move around the big room slowly, Golinelli walking a shorter circle inside him and giving him low-pitched instructions. Benvenuti is a remarkably graceful athlete and he went through the loosening-up exercises with a flair that made him seem a dancer warming up for a ballet rather than a boxer preparing to go five hard rounds with his sparring partners. At Golinelli's command, he walked with exaggeratedly long strides, shaking his arms, then jogged a bit with his arms at his sides, wiggled his head, jumped up and down, jogged and took tentative dancing steps until the trainer judged that he was loosened up enough to box.

In the ring next door, Benvenuti fought with the confidence and hand speed that was to take him to victory over Griffith. He has exceptionally wide shoulders and long, muscular legs and he hit hard with both hands. He reacted quickly when he was hit himself, striking back viciously and accurately. At one point, Golinelli called two more boxers into the ring and had two bouts going at once.

"This is so that Nino will never be distracted by what is going on about

continued

*A bruising right uppercut by Benvenuti twists Griffith's face and sets him up for a right to the belly that drugged him in the second round.*





him," he explained later. "It helps him to concentrate on his opponent."

Giolinelli wound up the workout by pelting Benvenuti with rubber balls from a distance of about 15 feet. Some of the balls were striped, some a solid red, and Benvenuti protected himself dexterously by punching the striped balls and ducking the red ones. The balls, about the size used in tennis, were hard enough to hurt if any penetrated Benvenuti's guard. None of them did.

"It is to quicken the hand and the eye," Benvenuti said later. "If Libero cannot hit me throwing balls, can Griffith with his fists?"

For most of the time in the Garden three nights later, it turned out that Griffith could not. Benvenuti won the first two rounds of the fight handily, snapping Griffith's head back with sharp, jarring left jabs and using his superior height and reach to stay clear of his opponent's linging attack. Fighting flat-footed, he caught Griffith several times with hard, lifting right uppercuts. The best of these came early in the second round, starting a handsome sequence of punches. It twisted Griffith's head sideways and dazed him. A left followed and then another right uppercut that landed high on Griffith's belly, sending him bouncing to the canvas. Griffith was up by four and clear-eyed when the lighting resumed.

Although Benvenuti kept his hands high in an almost classic stance most of the time, occasionally he lowered his left hand, looking strangely like Muhammad Ali. Usually when he did this, he hooked Griffith to the belly. It was a dangerous ploy against a good right-hand puncher and it cost him in the fourth round.

With a minute of the round gone, Benvenuti lowered the left hand and Griffith leaped in to hit him on the side of the jaw with a swinging right that knocked Benvenuti spraddle-legged into the ropes. He hung momentarily with his head over the middle strand, then fell full length to the floor. He was inert for a second or two, but he got to his feet easily before Mark Conn, the referee, reached the obligatory eight-count. Like Griffith's eyes two rounds earlier, Benvenuti's were clear, and Conn moved aside to let the impatient Griffith

resume his attack on the challenger.

Curiously, Griffith did not exploit his advantage. A two-fisted attack to the belly might have brought Benvenuti's guard down and opened the way for another right to the head. Instead, Griffith seemed intent on knocking the challenger out with another head shot, and Benvenuti smothered his blows or blocked them. By the end of the round Benvenuti had resumed the attack and caught Griffith with a heavy one-two—a left to the belly and a right to the head—just before the bell.

For most of the rest of the fight Griffith fought an oddly defensive campaign. It had been expected that he would carry the fight to Benvenuti on the inside, crowding in close and ripping away at the belly with the short, hard hooks and uppercuts which are Griffith's stock in trade and which European fighters are not supposed to be able to cope with. But when he did come inside, Benvenuti tied him up expeditiously, then banged away at his ribs and the side of his head with a free hand.

After the 10th round, in which he mounted his last serious attack, Griffith backed away into the ropes more often than not, crouching a little and peering out at Benvenuti between upraised gloves, much on the order of Floyd Patterson. He explained later that he had hoped by this tactic to lure Benvenuti into range for another right to the head, but the ruse was painfully unsuccessful. Benvenuti, grown increasingly bold, stepped in with snapping left hooks and right uppercuts that jolted Griffith.

He grew stronger as Griffith wilted. By the end of the fight there was no remote doubt about the winner, and the large Italian segment of the 14,000-odd people in the Garden were screaming "Venko! Venko! Venko!" ecstatically even before the referee announced the decision. Nino won 10 to five on two cards and nine to six on the other, which was very charitable to Griffith.

Long after the fight, when he had had time to calm his emotions and his upset stomach, Benvenuti said, "He is a good fighter and I will be glad to fight him again. I will win again, I knew I would win tonight after the sixth round. That is the round in which I established my domination. After that I knew I would

beat him, and I am sorry only for getting hit that one time. I was foolish and careless. It won't happen the next time."

The next time is expected to come July 13 in New York and not a second too soon, since Benvenuti does not expect to fight much longer. In a perfectly planned boxing career, he has lost only to Kim Ki-Seo, a Korean, in Seoul. He had to get down to 154 pounds for that match, which cost him his junior middleweight championship.

"He should have won," says Giolinelli. "He had Seo in trouble late in the fight when Seo's seconds loosened the ring ropes so they fell down. It took eight minutes to fix them and Seo recovered."

Benvenuti, who has deduced 10 months a year out of his life to training since he was 13, says he will fight for another two years at the most. "Right now I am at my ultimate," he explains. "I do not know how long I can continue at this level, but I promised myself that I would study myself when I am 30 years old. If I feel that I can continue at this level for another year or two after that, then I will continue fighting. But if I feel I am past the crest of the hill, I will stop. I do not have to fight for a living. I fight for the enjoyment of it."

Since he owns an insurance agency, an aluminum factory and some \$250,000 in stock, Benvenuti does not worry about when his fighting career will end. He can divert himself with skiing, water sports, shooting and driving one of his four cars at breakneck speeds around Trieste. He can also listen to music and read. He brought Hemingway's *The Old Man and the Sea* to Villaggio Italia with him and read Voltaire when he had finished that. A stern family man, he put himself to sleep at night viewing pictures, glued to the ceiling over his bed, of his two young children and a wife who looks like an Italian movie star.

He returned to Trieste three days after the fight. There was a general police strike in Italy when he got back, but the constabulary in Trieste stayed on duty so that his welcome would go smoothly. After a triumphal parade in a convertible to the town hall, he wept openly as he waved at the crowds.

"You have brought honor to Italy," the mayor told him. Indeed he had, and to boxing, too, which can use it. **END**

*Excitable Italian followers, who swarmed into Melpomene Square Garden ring after unanimous decision, held the new champion to their shoulders.*

PHOTOGRAPH BY RENE SCHAMBERG



## POOR SAM—WHAT A WEIRD WEEK

*His Minnesota Twins, bolstered by the addition of pitching star Dean Chance, were supposed to give Manager Sam Mele a shot at the pennant, but the Twins have been playing the way the Mets used to*

by JOE JARES



*Height of Minnesota's confused play came when Tony Oliva (No. 8, far left) hit a homer but was out for passing Cesar Tovar, who was standing at first base. Angry Oliva threw his helmet. Patient Mole held his head*



**A**sh, the upper Midwest. Minneapolis and St. Paul, the sparkling-clean Twin Cities. Thousands of lakes and Scandinavian blondes. The *Towhee* show on at 10:30 for the real night owls. General Mills and Pillsbury. Telephone books full of Andersons. Against the law not only to sell liquor on Sundays but TV sets, radios, lawn mowers, footwear and luggage, as well. To complete the picture, the Minnesota Twins baseball team should have found in the off season a big, religious Swedish outfield-

er who can polka and hit home runs. Lacking such a man, but lucky enough to have a Sunday dispensation, the Twins did not stand still. They introduced a new concessions item, bratwurst on a pumpernickel bun, and made a trade with the California Angels for Wilmer Dean Chance.

Chance is a 25-year-old right-hander who won 20 games and the Cy Young Award in 1964 and then slumped a little the next two years because, among other things, the Angels moved to a hitters'

ball park, Anaheim Stadium, and took away his left-handed stablemate, Bo Bolinsky. The Twins thoughtfully provided Chance with a substitute Bo, one Jim Ollom, a tall, properly left-handed, properly brash rookie from Snohomish, Wash. Ollom won 20 games for Denver last year and, on the basis of that and ten innings pitched in the majors, he decided that he deserved a \$15,000 contract this spring. He became one of the few rookie holdouts in history. When he did show up in Florida (more than a

*continued*

week late and after signing for less than he wanted), he and Chance took to each other like brothers, even twins.

Of course, Manager Sam Mele had some other good pitchers. Jim Kaat was the American League's best last year. Dave Boswell won eight games in a row. Jim (Mudcat) Grant had won 21 games in 1965 and Al Worthington and Ron Kline were proved relievers. Moreover, Tony Oliva was a cinch to hit better than .300, and Harmon Killebrew was coming off one of his finest seasons. No wonder Mele's team was considered a good bet for the pennant, along with Baltimore and Detroit.

Then the season began, and now it looks as though nothing but a completely restored Dean Chance, superperformances from Kaat, Grant and Boswell and the reincarnation of Walter Johnson will

be sufficient to offset the Twins' bonehead plays. The supposedly pennant-contending Twins seem to be vying with each other to replace Charlie Brown's inept fictional idol, Joe Shlabachnik as the most undesirable bubble-gum card in America.

The mistakes have not always been colossal. Sometimes they were normal bobble-stumble errors. Sometimes they came from inexperience, sometimes from a lack of alertness. But, significantly, the goofs were a continuation of the giveaway style of play the Twins had displayed in Florida, where they gave up an average of one unearned run a game. And there had been other runs equally unearned, although they did not show up that way in the official statistics. For instance, in an exhibition game against the Atlanta Braves late in spring train-

ing, with a Brave runner on first, rookie Second Baseman Rod Carew fielded a little squibbler and found himself a few feet from the base runner, who had stopped dead. Instead of throwing to first and moving back toward second to make the tag on the return throw, Carew chose to chase the runner. He got him, but he got one out instead of two. The next batter walked, and the batter after that hit a three-run homer.

On opening day in Baltimore, the first day of a two-week ordeal in which the Twins would face nothing but contenders, Jim Kaat got about as much support as Hubert Humphrey in Rome. Twin Center Fielder Cesar Tovar opened with a double. Rich Rollins followed with a home run to left, or at least it was a homer until Curt Blefary leaped, reached over the fence and pulled the ball back

*continued*

## FRESH BREEZES FROM THE FREE-AGENT DRAFT

A major factor in baseball this season is the impact of the vast number of trades made during the off season (Minnesota, for example, got Dean Chance for two of its prize sluggers, Don Mincher and Jimmie Hall, whom the Twins seem to miss). A less known but perhaps equally significant factor is the effect of baseball's free-agent draft, which came into being with a minimum of fanfare in June 1965. Most fans were aware that Kansas City signed Rick Monday of Arizona State, the one highly publicized college player, but beyond that there was little more than polite yawns and occasional harsh criticism from baseball's fat cats. The Yankees called the free-agent draft "communist," and Walter D'Malley of the Dodgers huffed and puffed and did all he could to defeat it.

The idea behind the draft was simple: 1) it gave the poorer teams—usually those lower in the standings—an equal chance to sign the top talent being produced in colleges and high schools; and 2) it cut down on payments of excessive bonuses to untired players. Even those who enthusiastically supported the free-agent draft had no idea that benefits from it would be reaped so quickly. Yet this season, less than two years later, several youngsters selected in the draft have stepped into the major leagues and have performed not just capably but in some cases spectacularly.

In Cincinnati, the main topic of conversation is Gary Nolan, who struck out 20 men in his first 16½ innings. In Baltimore, people are saying the name Bill Dillman and winking. In Chicago, a young left-hander named Ken Holtzman is asking people to stop comparing him to another Jewish left-hander who only recently retired. In Washington, although no one has yet written a musical called *Davey Senators*, fans are enchanted with a Joe Hardy type named Joe Coleman Jr. In New York, Wes Westrum, manager of the Mets, sits bare-chested behind a cup of beer and says, "Mr. Don Shaw has come in from the bullpen and done tremendous jobs for us, and Mr. Tom Seaver has started and pitched excellently."

Nolan is an 18-year-old husband and father who married the girl next door in Deville, Calif. three years ago. His powerful pitching helped thrust the Reds right back into contention in the National League and prompted Don Sutton of the Dodgers to say, "If that kid was on our club, I'd be out of a job. The guys sitting in

our dugout couldn't believe what they saw when he pitched against us." Nolan went to spring training this year with no apparent chance to make the team, but he kept doing so well that the Reds, desperate for pitching, gave him a chance. Now Mel Harder, Cincinnati's pitching coach, says, "Nolan has assets you don't expect in a man until he has been in the majors three or four years."

Dillman, 21, came to the Orioles at a time when the club's bullpen, a strong point last year, was sagging. In his first two relief appearances, he gave up one hit and no runs in seven innings. Holtzman, another 21-year-old, achieved a fair degree of fame when he beat Sandy Koufax and the Dodgers with a near no-hitter in the closing days of the National League pennant race and is now a key starter for Leo Durocher's Cubs. Coleman, 20, was a first-round draft choice of the Senators in 1965 and, although unsuccessful in the minors (9-29), he won his first five starts in the majors; in one of them he drove in the tying run with a double. Coleman has been helped by his father, a former American League pitcher.

The two Met youngsters offer a strong contrast. Shaw, 23, was the 752nd player drafted in 1965, possibly because he doesn't have much of a fast ball. But he does have an excellent sinker, and he was trained from the beginning to be a reliever. During his brief career in the minors, he had an earned-run average of 0.00 with three of the five teams he pitched for. Seaver, 22, was an outstanding pitcher at Southern California and a first-round choice of the Dodgers in 1965. He elected to stay in school, and when the Dodgers failed to sign him within six months of the draft they lost their rights to him to the Braves. Then, when the Braves violated the rules by signing him before the college baseball season was over, Seaver's name was tossed into a hat and the Mets pulled it out. Seaver has posed and masquerade rare in a rookie. Working with a big lead in his second start, he realized he was getting tired and losing his stuff. He alerted the manager and, when he gave up two hits in the eighth, Westrum promptly relieved him and sent in Shaw, who wrapped up the game with five quick outs. "These two can make a huge difference in this team," said Westrum. And the free-agent draft can make a huge difference in baseball.

—WILLIAM LEGGITT



# Next.



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in. Then Biefary fired to second to double up Tovar. Granted, it was an unexpectedly brilliant play by an outfielder once called Clank for the way the ball supposedly sounded when it hit his mitt, but Tovar, as Manager Mele pointed out, should have been only halfway down to third instead of halfway to the dugout. He could have crawled in on a homer, scored easily on a hit off the wall or tiptoed back to second on a catch.

When the Twins took the field they continued the inept pattern. Bob Allison misjudged a fly ball that went for a double, and Carew fumbled a hard chance to his right. Neither was called an error, but they helped the Orioles get four runs off Kaat. And all this was in the first inning.

Later that week First Baseman Harmon Killebrew was the goat in a Minnesota loss to Detroit. He dropped Carew's double-play relay that would have ended an inning. Instead, the winning run scored on the error. Then it was Cleveland's turn to benefit. Tony Oliva, running to his right, badly misjudged a fly ball. The ball landed behind him and to his left for a cheap double—which became a cheap run when the next Indian batter singled. The comedy switched to the offense again. Tovar opened the eighth inning with a single and went to second on an error. Then, although Minnesota was three runs behind, Cesar sued to go to third when Rollins' scoop hit to center fell in, and he was thrown out by an embarrassing margin.

It was, finally, more than Mele could stand. He let the players stay in the clubhouse long enough to get a bite to eat and long enough for most of the crowd to go home. Then Sam herded them back on the field for an extra workout, at 4 o'clock on a Sunday afternoon. Bating practice was needed, perhaps, but it was more a grown-up version of keeping bad boys after school. Oliva, not at all pleased with the unscheduled overtime, sat down on the outfield grass near the right-field foul line. Mele strode onto the field and whistled at Oliva to get on his feet. When two players entered the dugout-to-clubhouse tunnel, Mele sent the equipment manager scurrying to bring them back. Sam Mele was angry.

Mele has gray hair—which should be understandable if you have read this far—and a handsome, deeply lined Italian face that only occasionally is broken by a quick, shy smile. There were no smiles

this day, yet he did not kick any water coolers or rear ends either. As the Twins took turns in the batting cage, Sam stood nearby in the time-tested manner of managers—feet spread, hands thrust in back pockets, eyes searching for details. He adly picked up somebody's bat, swung it a few times at an imaginary ball, or head, and tamped down some earth with it. Leaning against the cage, he quietly informed Oliva that he was dropping his shoulder as he swung. Two hours after the game, Sam signaled that the workout was over and the last-place Twins silently hied off the field.

"We're not getting the pitching we should be getting," Mele said. "We've made mistakes, and the mistakes have cost us ball games. But these pitchers can pitch and these batters can hit. I know that."

Know it or not, and postgame workout or not, the Twins continued on their haphazard way. The height of Mele's suffering came last Friday night in Detroit. On the hallowed ground Ty Cobb once trod, the two teams were responsible for four errors, two wild pitches, 13 walks and a passed ball, but if the Tigers were bad the Twins were worse.

Tovar and Oliva played a scene in the third inning that was reminiscent of Fred Merkle, Babe Herman and Wrong-Way Regels. Tovar led off with a single and, after his recent base-running catastrophes, apparently decided to play things cautiously. Oliva, next up, smacked a home run to right field and, admiring its soaring grace as he rounded first base, passed Tovar, who inexplicably had come back to tag up. Oliva was called out for passing another runner and his homer shrank to a single in the official score book. In disgust he slammed his batting helmet down by the first-base coach's box as Tovar sheepishly trotted around the bases and scored.

Killebrew let a hard ground ball go through his legs, Oliva overran a fly ball and rookie Jim Orlom, the Twins' third pitcher of the night, forgot to cover home on a wild pitch as Detroit's Ray Oyler scored all the way from second base. Mele did some talking in the clubhouse after the game and extorted certain amounts from two players he declined to name, but whose names got out anyway (they were Tovar and Orlom). "I don't like to fine guys," Sam said, "but it is a case of having to do it."

Despite everything, there were some

happy aspects for the Twins, not the least of which was the cheering fact that no other team was off to a particularly blaring start. Zolo Versalles at shortstop was playing back to his 1965 Most Valuable Player form, fielding nicely and at one point leading the league in batting. Tovar was asleep on the base paths but wide awake at the plate and in center field. He came back the day after the Oliva home-run embarrassment and went four for four.

Rod Carew, a native of Panama who finished high school in New York City, played errorless ball at second base and was an aggressive left-handed batter, not even shying away from kelly fast ballers like Cleveland's Sam McDowell. It began to look as though Carew would indeed make the jump from Class A baseball (Wilson, of the Carolina League) straight to the majors. He was picked off first base twice—to prove he belonged on the Twins—but he looked accomplished on double plays, hit a two-run homer against the Tigers, singled twice against them another day and pretty much demonstrated to Mele that at least there was something to smile about. When Orlom forgot to cover home on that wild pitch, Carew ran all the way in from second to do it for him, though he was too late.

And Dean Chance emerged on just like the bratwurst. He was shaky in his first game, against the Orioles in Baltimore, but he insisted that he had good stuff. Last Sunday in Detroit he struck out eight and gave up just one run in seven innings before being lifted for a pinch hitter. His highest day came in between. The Twins had lost four of their first five, but Chance came back against the Orioles in Minnesota and beat them with a 10-strikeout, five-hit, 3-2 performance in what felt like a must game to the dragging Twins. Harmon Killebrew hit a two-run homer and Carew, naturally, won the game for Chance with a single to center in the bottom of the ninth.

In the clubhouse the Twins were shouting and congratulating each other, and the future seemed suddenly brighter. Chance hugged Carew and Killebrew and accepted a symbolic hot dog from his sidekick, Orlom, who put him down with, "Dean, you messed up. You told me you needed only *one* run to win."

They were still in the second division, but they were making jokes like winners again.

END

As designer and builder—and occasional driver—of the marvelous winged Chaparral sports car, Jim Hall of Texas dares to defy Ford and Ferrari in the classic endurance races by COLES PHINIZY

## ***RACER IN A FAR-OUT COUNTRY***



OUT WHERE THE SCENERY ENDS, JIM AND SANDRA HALL POSE FOR A FAMILY PORTRAIT WITH THEIR JUMPY WATCHDOG, MARK

Today, to make a name in the turbulent world of sports car racing, a man must be able to forget yesterday and think constantly of tomorrow. He must be willing to leave his comfortable old ideas behind and wander boldly into the forbidding land of trial and error, where the latest Fords and Ferraris howl and little Porsches shriek in the night. In the far-off province where these futuristic creatures abound, the living is hard and the odds are poor, but the fruits of victory are very sweet.

In the short time that he has been contending with the monsters of tomorrow, James Hall (see cover), sports car design-

er, builder and driver of Midland, Texas, has fared quite well with his own rare breed of car called the Chaparral. Hall has survived among the monsters because he not only has the nerve to take giant steps but also has the brains to recognize an inch of progress even when it is well hidden in the rubble of failure.

In Mosport, Ont., two and a half years ago, while racing one of the first Chaparrals that he conceived, built and cared for in sickness and in health, Hall hit an oil slick and committed a slight pilot error. The car he was driving at the time, like all Chaparrals, was designed, hopefully, to hold the road—indeed, the name Chaparral derives from the little desert bird that runs lickety-split and seldom takes to the air. Despite its name and the ambitions Hall had for it, at Mosport the Chaparral sailed off the course into the air, taking part of the guardrail and leaving one of its wheels behind. After doing a loop and flying about as far as the Wright brothers' plane did on its first try, the Chaparral came back to earth, on top of Hall.

Fragments of the Chaparral body were scattered about. The engine and the ancillary guts of the throbbing beast were a tangled mess. Hall's left arm was broken. It was a costly failure on the part of Hall the driver but, in a strange way, quite a triumph for Hall the designer. Although most of the car was a shambles, the chassis, the one bold, new concept that Hall had incorporated in that Chaparral, was hardly damaged at all.

The unique chassis of the Chaparral is a multiple-box fiber glass affair that defies description using accepted design terms. Stripped bare, the chassis looks like the handiwork of a mad shipwright who could not decide whether he was building a catamaran or a swimming float. The Chaparral chassis was in fact made by a Fort Worth boatbuilder named Andrew Green, who has had considerable experience producing improbable-looking configurations for high-speed planes. Before the Mosport crash there were automotive engineers who considered such a light, boxy structure inadequate for a racing car that might run amuck. Anyone still having doubts about the torsional rigidity, the strength-to-weight ratio and whatnot of the Chaparral chassis need only look at its record. Although the other parts of the car have long since traveled their last mile, the chassis that flew at Mosport

is still going. The same chassis was used in the Chaparral that won the 12-hour ordeal at Sebring two years ago. It was in the car that won the 1,000-kilometer run at Nurburgring a year ago, and it ran again at Sebring this year.

It is said that, deep down inside, many of the folk who flock to car races are thrill-seekers. At the annual Indianapolis car-bashing this may be so. At sports car events, probably it is not. Sports car enthusiasts do not love disaster. They love sports cars. They love foreign and domestic cars, production models and prototypes, front engines and rear engines. They love every sports car from the lowliest little one-liter Humbug to the biggest full-throated Webbley-Vickers that Walter Mitty and Jimmy Thurner ever drove. James Hall of Midland, Texas is a special hero on the circuit not because he sails off the track now and again but because he is forever doing something different and exciting to the bodies and guts of his racing creations.

It is hard for a real buff to keep up with Hall and his shifty Chaparrals. The engines of the Chaparrals keep getting bigger and the suspension trickier. From one model to the next, the auxiliary components keep changing and moving around. In the latest Chaparrals, crammed into the space of an ordinary street sedan, there is enough wiring, ducting, plumbing and linkage to operate a mechanized brontosaurus. The bodies of Hall's cars, like women's fashions, change frequently and outlandishly. The Chaparral that won at Sebring in 1965—a modified sports car designated Model 2—looked like a wide, low hospital bed with a small steam calliope mounted aft. The most recent Chaparral, a prototype that will be troubling the Fords and Ferraris in Europe this spring and summer, is slick forward and dumpy behind. This prototype Chaparral is the oddest looking of Hall's creations, since it carries a wing up in the air over its after section. Hall calls his winged prototype "Model 2K." Wags at trackside call it "the Surrey-in-a-Hurry with the wing on top." When the esthetes of his cars are picked at, in smiling defense Hall says, "I do not see how you can call a thing ugly if it does what it is supposed to do." To be sure, many funny-looking creatures—chimpanzees, for example—are very acceptable simply because they have winning ways. When it first caught sight of a Chaparral

continued



arrail, the French *Journal de L'Homme du XX<sup>e</sup> Siècle* called it *le monstre*. After the Chaparral had won a few big races, *L'Homme* referred to it as *le pent oreou*. True beauty, as the old saying goes, lies in the eyes of the man who knows a winner when he sees it.

More than a dozen years ago there were a few large, sporty cars notably the Cadillac-Allard—that lumbered around road courses with automatic transmissions. But over the years the stick shift has so dominated road racing that in 1964, when Hall won the fourth event of the American Championship series at Laguna Seca, nobody noticed anything unusual about his Chaparral. A week later, in the fifth race of the series in Kent, Wash., before the fuel pump of the front-running Chaparral failed, Driver Dave MacDonald, the eventual winner, did realize that rival Hall never took his hands from the wheel even when coming out of the slowest turn. MacDonald died three weeks later in the Indianapolis 500, but not before spreading the word. A week after Indianapolis, while the Chaparral was going through pre-race inspection in Mosport, Ont., a rival driver, Dan Gurney, was swooped over at the rear end of the Hall car, trying to have a look.

"Are you using an automatic gearbox?" Gurney asked.

"I'm not going to tell you," said Hall, smiling.

During pre-race practice, drivers and mechanics gathered at the hairpin turn on the Mosport course, listening as Hall accelerated up the straight. "What is it?" they asked after practice.

"You ought to be able to tell by listening," said Hall, smiling.

Drivers adled up to the Chaparral mechanics, asking, "How does it work?"

"It works real keen," the Chaparral mechanics replied.

Curious fans pumped Driver Roger Penske, who often drove another Chaparral that year. "Can you downshift the Chaparral manually?" the buffs frequently asked.

After taking a deep and thoughtful breath, Penske would reply, "You don't have to downshift manually when it isn't necessary. But, of course, if it were possible, you could."

There has been much written about Hall's mysterious transmission, about how it used switch-pitch vanes and about how it does not use switch-pitch

vanes, and so forth, but after three years of speculation and rumor, for all anyone really knows, the Chaparral gearbox may be full of nonhardening peanut butter. "Some write what they think it is," Hall says enigmatically. "and some write that they know what it is, but nobody has written down what it is." Using the automatic transmission, Hall won the U.S. Road Racing title in 1964 and had the best overall record again in '65, although he lost the title that year on a quirk in the scoring system. Despite the record he has made with the transmission, there are rivals who pooch-pooch it. They dismiss it with a wave of the hand, but it bugs them. When the Chaparral transmission is mentioned in their presence, some of the pooch-poochers sprout ears like Pinocchio.

In the dictionary of platitudes there are only two kinds of Texans. There are tall, thin-waisted, soft-spoken, good-looking Texans and there are flamboyant Texas oil millionaires. Thirty-one-year-old Jim Hall is everything that both kinds of Texans are supposed to be except flamboyant. While he has no objection to being known as the heir of an oilman who insisted that his three sons continue successfully, Hall grieves that his wealth is often considered the all-important ingredient in the Chaparral. Because the three shareholders of Chaparral—Hall, his brother Chuck and his crony James (Hap) Sharp—are all oilmen, published stories about Chaparral begin, typically: "Jim Hall, his brother Chuck and their buddy Hap Sharp have money. Lots of it. They also love motor racing, and because they have money . . ." Both Hall and Sharp are sensitive about the implications, sometimes protesting too much rather than simply letting the feeble fact crawl off into a corner where it belongs.

Building and racing Chaparrals is costly, but for every \$10 spent today the Chaparral company is getting back about \$9 in prize money, design royalties, consultant and test fees, advertising and merchandising. Someday there may be Chaparrals for sale to lovers of the breed who can afford \$10,000 for one. For those who cannot wait, there are already Chaparral T-shirts available for \$1.50. Anyone with a cash-register mind who is dismayed by the present fiscal state of Chaparral should realize that losing is a common habit in the racing game. Both of the sports car kingpins,

Henry the Second of Ford and Enzo, Lord of Ferrari, lose money at the track.

Hall also grieves because Chaparral Cars of Texas is often linked with General Motors, a Michigan outfit that puts out its own line of cars. The harshest published accounts suggest that Hall and Sharp are only from men who come downstairs every Christmas to find a new, gift-wrapped Chaparral with all the latest doodads engineered by General Motors. For sure, in every Chaparral there is some of the genius of General Motors, notably the Chevrolet engine. But then Hall and Sharp depend on more than 30 established suppliers and fly-by-nighters. Sandra Hall, pretty wife of Jim Hall, makes the Chaparral seat paddings, so quite literally it can be said that Driver-Designer Hall has been riding all this time on his wife's efforts. Even Hall's dog, a Doberman pinscher named Mark, supposedly earns his living guarding the Chaparral premises in Midland. Although he is the size of a quarter horse and awesome-looking, Mark, the noble Chaparral watchdog, has badly jangled nerves. To get past Mark, all a trespasser has to do is make a noise like a soft-drink machine. The Coke dispenser in the Chaparral workshop sets Mark on edge. At the first roar of a Chaparral engine, he takes off for El Paso. If General Motors had a very large stake in Chaparral, you can bet your life there would be an emotionally stable human watchman around who would not try to crawl under sofas during thunderstorms. Indeed, if any large corporation had a consuming interest in Chaparral, there would be not only a watchman on the Chaparral premises but also a Division Chief, an Assistant Division Chief, several Subdivision Chiefs, Section Chiefs, Executive Assistants and all kinds of human deadweight. At Chaparral, including Jim Hall, there are 15 workers, who all seem to know what they are doing 25 hours a day. At Chaparral you can tell the relative importance of each man on a given day by the amount of dirt on his clothes and the size of the bags under his eyes.

Automotive know-it-alls suspect that General Motors is the hidden genius of Chaparral largely because it seems improbable that a car of such international distinction could be produced by oilmen in Midland, Texas. The city of Midland is certainly an improbable place. Eighty-six years ago it was a com-

*continued*



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## FAR-OUT RACER *Continued*

struction camp on the Texas and Pacific Railroad. The town might have died when the Texas and Pacific gandy dancers left, except that it happened to be situated on good groundwater, almost dead center in what turned out to be one of the largest oil basins in North America. Travel folders recklessly describe the Midland topography as "gently rolling." If the late Queen Isabella of Spain had ever passed that way she would have exclaimed, "That boob Columbus! The world is flat." To reach the Chaparral car company, you take State Highway 349 south from Midland. After you pass a cotton field the size of Rhode Island and the Cotton Flat Baptist Church there is nothing left except the horizon and Chaparral Cars, a quadrangle of small buildings that looks like an outlying defense against Comanches. There is a sign on the gate that brags, "Beware of the Dog." Inside the Chaparral plant there is a dynamometer as well as milling, grinding and cutting machinery and plastic-fabricating equipment—all in all, little more than there is in many small, nondescript mills and motor shops around the country. Many parts of the Chaparral are made there, and, more important, ideas are born there and tested on a two-mile road course that winds behind the buildings.

In 1912, before there was oil or any big industry in Midland, a local blacksmith named John Pliska built and flew an aeroplane. Pliska used a motor made, not by General Motors, but by a Sandusky, Ohio firm called Roberts, and he used benzene fuel shipped to him in five-gallon cans, not from Detroit, but from a now-forgotten alchemist in New York City. There is no Pliska Plane Company in Midland today, because Blacksmith Pliska was too much a borrower and not enough of an innovator. By the time he got his mid-engine biplane pusher into the air, it was a dodo. The Wrights and Glenn Martin were already flying two-seaters, and Blériot, the doughty Frenchman, was hopping the English Channel in a front-engine, mid-wing speedster.

Like Pliska, Jim Hall started as a borrower, racing foreign cars. Dissatisfied both with the machines and the service he got from abroad, Hall decided to have his own car designed and built in California. The first model Chaparral—now known as Model 1—was trustworthy but almost a dodo by the time

*Continued*



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it got on the track. As Hall described it two years ago in a talk before the American Society of Mechanical Engineers, "In the creation of Chaparral 1, there wasn't a single major innovation. It was a relatively light, large-displacement V-8 in a lightweight space frame with all-independent suspension. When it had been sufficiently developed to be reliable, it was somewhat obsolete."

There is a Chaparral car company in Midland today because Hall and Hap Sharp wanted something they could not get for love or money: a car good enough for tomorrow. In their determination to build a car that was light, powerful, clean and structurally sound, they rejected many conventional automotive ideas and wandered afar, specifically into the realms of aeronautical engineering and pure aerodynamics. (It is worth noting that General Motors men were among those who were at first skeptical about the lightweight chassis co-designed by Hall, Sharp and Fabricator Andrew Green of Fort Worth.) The original body used with the revolutionary light chassis of Chaparral Model 2 was a borrowed design that purportedly had been tested in wind tunnels by Detroit experts. With this design, the Chaparral 2 tended to take off the ground when traveling a mere 120 miles an hour. Thereafter Hall and Sharp stopped borrowing. The elevated wing of the present cars is merely the latest of many steps Hall and Sharp have taken to give the ever-faster Chaparrals a better hold on the road. Spoilers, air brakes and wings have been tried on racing machines before, but the present adjustable Chaparral wing, elevated so that it is not trampled by the boundary layer of air boiling over the car body, is by far the most efficient. It is an asset, not a chancy gimmick, largely because it does serve as a wing, not merely as a spoiler. It also helps for another reason that has so far eluded rivals, although any engineer of Hall's competence could catch on quickly if he read the right books.

The most valuable asset of the Chaparral today, without any doubt, is Jim Hall, who has an engineering degree from Cal Tech and has also learned by driving thousands of hot and uncomfortable miles on the roaring road. Hall is both a competent theorist and a man with a practical eye. In the 12-hour race at Sebring this spring Hall expected to

continued

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manage the Chaparral campaign from the pit, while veteran Phil Hill and Mike Spence of England drove the new Chaparral 2F. When Phil Hill was hospitalized with appendicitis the day before the race, Hill took his place. For seven hours Spence and Hill played chase-tail with Mario Andretti and Bruce McLaren in Ford's big, yellow Mark IV. Alas, alas, in the eighth hour, the mysterious, magical gearbox of the Chaparral started smoking like a damp campfire, and the villainous yellow Ford went on to win. But before their Chaparral went out, both Spence and Hill were lapping faster than Andretti and McLaren. Whatever other distinctions it deserves, Chaparral of Texas is certainly the only motor company in the world that has a combined President-Chairman-of-the-Board-Executive-Director-Design-Chief-Production-Supervisor who can also get behind the wheel and outscorch Mario Andretti.

This year for the first time there will be two of the latest Chaparrals in the 24-hour race at Le Mans and at least one Chaparral in each of the remaining races in the international series. Like the Fords and Ferraris, in any race the Chaparrals can be plagued by all the ordinary gremlins. Assuming that in each international race there are at least four Fords and four Ferraris of equal competence, the Chaparrals do not have much of a chance. There is more than simple mathematics involved in the odds. A four-car team can send out two fast "rabbits" and let its other two entries hang back. The small Chaparral team has to run with the rabbits and hope to last to the checkered flag.

Recently, contemplating how the Chaparrals might fare in Europe this season, Hall said, "We have got to rebuild the car someday so that it is as durable as the power plant it now has. It looks as if the brakes are going to make it, but we are having some transmission trouble and some axle trouble. The design approach was advanced enough so that it has maintained a certain advantage to this day. But we have carried over a lot of mistakes, so that there is now a lot of useless weight and waste. What we really need at this point is a new design based on what we know now. It is time for us to step back with a new piece of paper and start over." For Hall of Chaparral the present is merely a necessary pit stop on the road to tomorrow.

END

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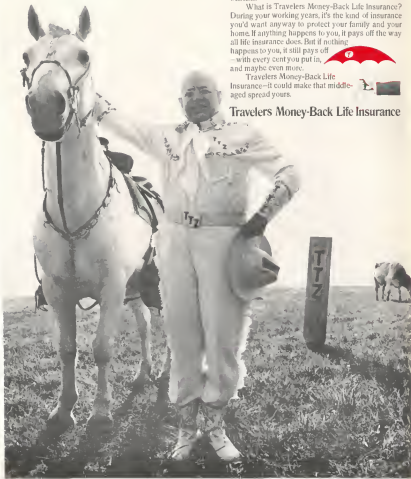
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# Downhill to Enchilada

To East Coast yachtsmen spring means getting the boat back in the water and hoping for fair weather. To West Coasters it means the long, lazy downhill run to Ensenada, a normally quiet little Mexican fishing port that blows apart once each year when the *norteamericanos* pour in to help the *mexicanos* celebrate their Independence Day. They call it a yacht race only because every yachtsman in it is hurrying to get south and join the fun.

On this and the following pages Artist Marc Simont shows what the town they all call Enchilada looked like last year when the sailors made port. More than

530 regular entries crossed the starting line off Newport Beach, Calif., with an average of five crewmen on each. A small flotilla of also-rans sailed with them, while an army of wives, children and girl friends swarmed south by car. Even before the last boat hove in sight, the celebrating was such that the *militia nacional* had to be mobilized to slow things down.

Happy and hung over, some competitors pulled their boats home by trailer. Others sailed cautiously north with full crews and shortened sail. One, rendered overconfident during the celebration, tried making the trip the hard way. For his story, see page 45,

The quietest place in Ensenada after the fleet got in was the little shack on the docks (upper right) manned by two ambitious watchmen on sentry duty. Everyone else was either milling along the main street, crowding into some bar for a Margarita or asking in carefree Spanish, "¿Which way to the Bahia Hotel, por favor?"





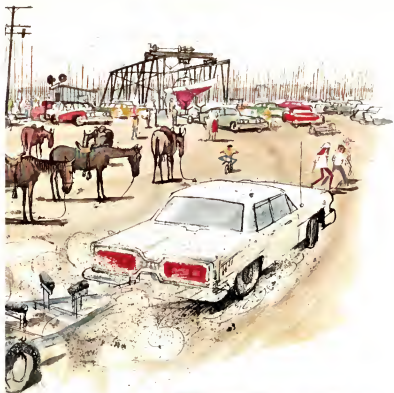


**T**here were skinny horses for hire at the waterfront (above), but they looked as unwanted during the festivities as the norteamericanos' yachts and automobiles

**A**t the Montparnasse every chanteuse was an "international favorite." Fansians might not be able to name the one at left, but they would recognize her style

**W**hen the night clubs began to pall, you could drop in on the *jirpea*, a kind of rodeo with chili sauce served up by a cowboy club across from the main hotel





Enchilada *continued*



# The Long Morning After

by Carter Barber

Many yachtsmen hauled their small boats out of the water and towed them home. One thought it might be fun to make the trip back all alone. It wasn't

After a few restless sorties ashore of the kind only Ensenada can offer, my three friends and crewmen decided they wanted to leave for home right then. That left me alone in Mexico aboard the smallest (19½ feet LWL) of the 538 boats that had sailed down. My *Musette* was so small, actually, that she was not officially in the race at all, only tagging along. But the voyage down had gone so well that I was rather taken with the idea of sailing her home alone, and fun ashore had done nothing for my store of wisdom. Man against the sea and all that, I told myself. It would be a significant first if I made it, and the trip was only 125 miles. This was the first of three mistakes that almost cost me my life.

My plan was to sail my tiny sloop with her even tinier dinghy in tow from Ensenada to the Todos Santos Islands, lay over in a scenic cove, strike north for a rare anchorage off Sur Coronado Island, spend the second night there and continue on to San Diego. From there in easy daytime passages to Oceanside, to Newport and to my home port, Long Beach. If there was anything I wanted to avoid it was nighttime sailing. It's deadly for me. My eyes are that bad.

While the drunken skippers of two nearby gold-platers made the morning hideous with hullhorns, and their crews pelled each other with beer cans, I weighed anchor and slipped silently out of the harbor. It was 4:30 a.m., and before midmorning a favoring southeast breeze put me in sight of a cluster of mastheads bobbing in the cove at Todos Santos far earlier than I expected. So I made another decision—mistake No. 2. With the wind so fair and all, it seemed a shame to waste time, so I decided to bypass Todos Santos and

set a course instead for Sur Coronado.

As the wind held and strengthened, I hung my clothes out to dry and sat totally bare at the tiller. I felt pretty snog, especially after clearing the treacherous headland that even the intrepid Spanish navigators of the 16th century designated Punta Salspuedes—literally, "Point Pass If You Can." I mixed a 20th-century screwdriver and drained it in self-congratulation.

That did it. The wind seemed to blow from the northwest, just where I wanted to go. I shot the afternoon making Point Descanso, only two-thirds of the way from Ensenada to Sur Coronado. Then night fell and I faced a dilemma: press on for an island anchorage I'd never visited before or run ashore for Sugarloaf Rock. I did neither. The perversity of weather, which became the pattern of the entire voyage, was setting in. Instead of abating after dark, as one might expect, the wind intensified, with a commensurate rise in the seas.

I had the tiller in one hand, my binoculars in the other. To see through them I had to remove my eyeglasses, but then I couldn't see the compass. I envied those people having happy hours on the snugged-down yachts at Todos Santos, and I envied the octopus all his hands.

As the cold winds freshened to 25 knots and ferocious whitecaps began to punish the boat, I tied the hatter end of the mainsheet around my waist, to link me to *Musette* in any overboard spill. Then I went forward to claw down the jib. It was a drenching operation, and after it was done I changed into my shore clothes. I must have been the only sailor in an open, tossing cockpit on the Pacific Ocean that night wearing gray flannel pants, blazer with

continued

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## Enchilada *continued*

silver buttons and Madras shirt, a life jacket and my mainsheet umbilical. I damned whichever of my former crewmates had taken home the missing suit of salty-looking oilskins. Soon afterward I discovered my battery was dead. That meant no running lights—a frightening thought. Commercial fishing vessels under full speed and hag yachts powering back from Ensenada make heavy traffic in the Coronado Straits. One of them could easily run me down in the dark. I bitterly regretted the high living ashore in "Enchilada" that left me pooped even before I started, but I knew that a look-out had to be kept and the boat steered. I fixed up a sleeping bag, bundled into it and tried to keep awake.

Fatigue mounted. My eyes puffed up. I dozed off occasionally and awoke each time to a vivid hallucination.

Once I saw the shoals and leaping surf of the Mexican coast a scant 10 yards in front of me! Now it was a steel tuna clipper, only seconds away from smashing headside into my half-inch plywood flank! Now there was vicious kelp all around waiting to seize my keel. At other moments I could see the harbor light beckoning at Newport. The dock in Long Beach, with my mooring lines waiting. The lawn mower in the driveway of my home in Pasadena.

Finally I had a hallucination that proved to be no hallucination at all. Waking from a nap, I saw some scrub trees a hundred yards ahead at masthead level twisting up from an inky black mass, darker than the funeral sky. Another minute and I'd have been wrecked.

After that the adrenaline I pumped up kept me awake until a leaden dawn brought lessening winds and flattened seas.

By noon I was off Tijuana's bullring-by-the-sea, a lasso for the promoter but an endearing navigational landmark for exhausted mariners. Ignoring a Restricted Naval Area warning on the chart, I skirted some troopships anchored in the San Diego roads and headed toward the supposed entrance to Shelter Island, well within the harbor. The wind was just right, hastening me to hull speed on a broad reach. I rejoiced, but instead of the harbor entrance I saw the del Coronado Hotel on the south side of North Island (itself a jaw for San Diego harbor) loom ever larger in front of me. Hallucinating again, I thought. But the hotel *could* not go away. I could even

see a group of girls in bikinis on the sand in front of it.

Eventually it dawned on me that in cutting across the forbidden area I'd missed the harbor channel mouth entirely and was, in fact, driving onto North Island's beaches at top speed. I cursed myself and labored back to the official entrance buoys better than an hour away.

A fine breeze ruffled the main channel when I got there, and exhilaration welled as my lee rail went under again. It ended with a doomsday crack as buoy No. 10. My tiller had snapped.

I got down the sails and used the motor to steer to the harbor-police, immigration, agricultural-inspection dock. Formalities were meticulously brief, and within minutes I gained the nearest refuge—the private pier of the exclusive Kona Kai Club. The gnarled old wharfmaster there, a retired tuna-clipper mate, studied my haggard face and small boat and granted permission to tie up.

"Put that away," he commanded as I pulled out my money clip. "Stay as long as you need to." He indicated a magnificent Chris-Craft a few paces away, belonging to a Hollywood celebrity. "He pays enough to make up what I don't collect from fellows like you."

Next day, with a jury tiller rigged, I continued on the 35-mile leg to Ocean-side. From Ocean-side to Newport was only 33 nautical miles as the gull swoops, but you could walk it faster than I sailed. What held me back were seas kicked up by newly rising winds. They segued from light to moderate to fresh and were very chill. I defied them, heading to the northwest, lee rail under again and the companionway hatch closed to keep spray out of the cabin. Both my arms strained at the tiller, and I locked my knees to brace against the cockpit coaming, wrenching at the helm like Hercules. I was defied in turn, as the wind went up another notch on the Beaufort scale to Force 6. Then I was in the kind of crosshatch of waves called chop, which small-boat sailors dread. The 10-to-12-foot seas were erratic, and their whitecaps were flogged by the winds. I wrestled down the main, lashed it and got up the small working jib, but it was unequal to the job of keeping us on course. We kept falling off from the eye of the winds and into the increasing troughs.

The 3-hp motor was even more useless.

The stern kept lifting out of the water, leaving the prop to spin in empty air. I tried heaving to. No good. Too little sail on too small a boat to withstand the ravishing seas and the limitless resources of the winds. I tried running directly before both adversaries with no sail at all. With the dinghy holding me back like a sea anchor, things were better for a while—until a startling transformation occurred: the trim little dinghy suddenly turned into a killer. Sudden, swamped with whitecap water, she surfed down the following seas to attack *Maverita* with sledgehammer blows. Each crash of the insane little craft left a dent half an inch deep in the sloop's transom.

I tried to rig fenders against the onslaught. No use. I considered cutting the dinghy loose, but I could not bring myself to that. It would have been infanticide. I built her.

Making *Maverita* move faster was the only way to keep the demented tender off her back, so once again I got the jib up and steered off the wind just enough to keep us all out of the troughs. Then I had a thought. Why not fight our way into the lee of Dana Point? The pirate Hippolyte Bouchard had anchored there. So, in the 1830s, had Richard Henry Dana of *Two Years Before the Mast*, the man who gave the headland its name. Indeed, inspecting my chart in the last moments of twilight, I saw there was an impudent little pier on the point's southern edge. Once I gained it I would have added my own footnote to the history of successful mariners along this stretch of forbidding coast.

The romantic notion sustained me as I risked my life to douse the wild jib, fight into the eye of the wind to get up the furthest main and then slug defiantly toward the Point. It all added up to mistake No. 3—but it took hours of horror to convince me.

By that time, my tiller-tending muscles were about to part. I lashed the helm and stood braced in the companionway, peering into another black night. As I shivered there I cast up a kind of account. My assets included knowing roughly where I was, having plenty of sea room (maybe even a surf-fer!), knowing that the boat was wooden and would float if overwhelmed and having the experience of a hairy night sail in the Coronado Straits behind me. My liabilities were the wind and the seas. The wind shrieking in the rigging chilled

CONTINUED

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my blood. I've read many an account of this same kind of keening in Conrad, Forester and Dana. But it had never been happening to me.

I lit the cabin lamp and sat below watching sections of the hull work under the vicious pounding. I knew every square inch of this boat intimately, because I knew the man who built her. I could visualize where bronze fittings had broken during her construction, but in my mind's eye I also could see what the builder had done about it: remove the broken screw, plug the hole with dowel-in-glass and put two vinyl fastenings on either side of the broken one. I knew, because I was the man who had done it. *Myself* was my creation, and she was sound. If she came apart it was simply her fate and mine.

So what? I was afraid to rely on confidence derived in any part from pride. That would have invited trouble. I reached occasionally, not from seasickness but from the kind of naivety that comes from knowing one is in mortal danger and heretofore further invulnerable. I continued work for myself, rigging a jury bracket in the cabin for the compass, taming the bucking bronze of an alcohol stove long enough (40 minutes) to make hot water for instant coffee, kneading a hunk of cheese into edibility, fighting the urge to fire up my six remaining cigarettes.

During this naivety, a half-full half pint of brandy came showing out of a locker like a projectile during a particularly savage roll of the boat and, miraculously, I did not break. I determined to take a large quaff at midnight. Meanwhile on the relative security of the cabin I read by flashlight the pilot books and a copy of Dana, which I had laid in along with a Spanish grammar to enjoy on this carefree Ensenada round trip. With the precision of the Harvard lawyer he became after toiling at sea, Dana wrote of his Point, "the worst place in California. The shore is rocky, and directly exposed. The water breaks upon ledges and fragments of rock which run out into the sea."

The pilot book elaborated. Mariners are advised to avoid patches of kelp, sound the bottom and observe the state of the [extreme] tide. [Watch for] a submerged rock covered two to three fathoms at mean low water.

My willpower giving out temporarily at this point, I took a big slug of brandy

even though it wasn't yet midnight. And a cigarette. They bolstered my morale. I soon felt in a doughty partnership with God, a kind of friendly testing of each other. Lots of *quid pro quo*. If I could keep my head and my seamanship He would keep me afloat. I went up into the cockpit almost blindly to adjust the helm. If anything, the winds and waves were stronger and the sounds and pitching worse. I scurried below again, thoroughly chastened.

Close to despair, I sat back for a moment in passive helplessness, which yielded to astonishment when I suddenly jerked alert and found I had slept for 30 minutes. In the cockpit again, I found I had been sailing-drifting almost due south, heading back in the general direction of Ensenada. I worked the boat around to head toward shore, knowing it would be several hours before I could pile up on it. I had to take the chance. Laying out personal gear to take. I unshowered, washed and mended and filled my pockets with flares and three sets of eyeglasses (one for reading, prescription sunglasses and spare lenses). There was an unseizable terror about washing ashore at night or in fog and being unable to look for lighthouse success.

I mentally assembled a list of attitudes I would throw over to lighten ship just before impacting on the shore. Despite all this activity, plus fear of blowam, onrushing and unseeing ships and related apprehensions, I was so exhausted that I soon fell asleep again. Paradoxically, a surge in the boat's frantic motion woke me. Topside I found the winds and waves had subsided. I added the rising morning star and the moon that followed, and recognized that while I *foaf* kept my head and seamanship, attrition would have gotten me in time. I survived only because the weather abated, and I could claim no credit at all for that.

Still, I was on a tantalizing hook. Where were the shore lights of an hour or so ago? There were only 360° of bluish haze as dawn came on. After clambering into the dinghy to bail her tiny weight nearly sinking her at the start, I headed due north under sail cum power to fetch the coast, which is on a south east-northwest axis in this vicinity. When I didn't see land and almost in hour I nervously veered northeast.

Another hour without landfall and I began to worry about the compass. Had

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## Enchilada continued

it mysteriously reversed while I slept? I had heard of such things happening to pilots. I also know what happens to those who don't trust the instrument. They invariably die. I stuck with mine but could not resist heading due east. Somewhere along there in the haze lay the whole North American continent. Another hour, and still another, and no land. I was scared by daylight for a change. My non-RDF radio let every station sound as powerful as any other. I could get no bearing. I went below to finish off the brandy, threw the dead soldier overboard and was raising my eyes to heaven when I saw land exactly where it should have been by compass.

I made Dana Point precisely at noon, in calm and in delicious sunshine. Several miles offshore I lowered the sails, lashed the helm and was getting ready to relieve myself over the side when a peculiar feeling came upon me. I was convinced I was being watched. Impossible. Unless some submarine had me fixed in its periscope, no one could have seen. No other vessels were in sight. Yet the feeling was so strong I went below to use the head.

Then I slept soundly in the cockpit until the sun broiled the skin below my whiskers and grilled my big nose, waking me up. It was 2 p.m. and the breeze was up. I made excellent time past Dana Point (the fourth rationed cigarette), Abalone Point (another cigarette) and the Newport entrance buoy (the last cigarette). Safely tied up in Balboa, I vanquished the nicotine fit and did not buy another pack until I had telephoned home that I still lived.

From Newport to Alamitos Bay in Long Beach, I enjoyed for the first time the combination of sunshine, a strong breeze and safety. It was marred only by a destroyer (No. 723), which eased out of the naval facility at Anaheim Bay and idled toward me until it was a few yards off my inshore bow. Damned if I would alter course and go below the tin can's fantail. I'd risked too much in recent days to chicken out this close to home. Besides, my hard-sailing little boat had right of way. We bore on. He could have stopped. Instead he went full ahead directly across my bow, bequeathing me a gigantic wake. I was going to shake my fist at him, then decided what the hell. I had sailed 750 miles to make good a mere 125, but I was home!

END



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by **WHITNEY TOWER**

Setting out briskly along the road leading from her exquisite colonnaded house to the complex of barns, stallion paddocks and enormous rolling broodmare pastures, she hardly looked 74. Señora Victoria Roca, one of the world's leading—and positive-thinking—breeders of Thoroughbred racehorses, moved with the alert spryness that marks the middle-aged lady keeping a tight hold on what is left of energetic youth.

The tall señora, dressed in slacks and a sport shirt and missing absolutely nothing as she peered through a pair of white-rimmed sunglasses, led the way carefully into a shady glade and up a cliff to the edge of a small natural pool. She peered into its depths and then, turning to one of the few foreign visitors ever invited as a houseguest at the great Argentine *hacienda* (rural farm) known as Ojo de Agua, she said slowly, "This old natural spring that produces 1,800,000 liters of irrigation water a day is the basis for the name of this perfect place. Ojo de Agua really means 'the eye of the water,' and this water has exactly the right proportion of calcium, magnesium and, I am positive, even some radioactive properties, to insure the breeding of sound horses." A wisp of a smile stole across the face

of the mistress of Ojo de Agua as she added, "Argentina right now is producing the best racehorses in the world, and the best of all of them are produced here under my direction."

If the señora's audience had included Great Britain's Lord Derby, France's Marcel Boussac and such dominant U.S. breeders as Arthur (Bull) Hancock, Leslie Combs, Rex Ellsworth, Hirsch Jacobs and Joe O'Farrell, none of them would have sneezed very loudly. And one of them, Claiborne Farm's Bull Hancock, would have come close to taking her at her word. Last fall Bull paid \$920,000 for the undefeated Argentine champion, Forl. A son of the English-bred Aristophanes (himself a son of Hypenon), Forl was bred at Ojo de Agua and sold for about \$20,000 as a 2-year-old to Buenos Aires Steel Executive George Acevedo. He has won seven races, each time leading every step of the way, at distances up to a mile and seven-eighths and is now, as a 4-year-old, at Hollywood Park in the care of Trainer Charlie Whittingham. He will make his first U.S. start in May. Hancock says this handsome chestnut is the best horse to come out of Argentina in 20 years. Whittingham says he is the most perfect horse he has seen in



FROM THE VERANDA of her century-old home Señora Victoria Roca looks out over the vast expanse of Ojo de Agua. Below is her stallion Aristophanes, son of England's great Hypenon.



ten-10 years around the racetrack, and nearly every horseman in Argentina believes that Forli is the most wonderful horse that ever lived.

Judgment on Forli's place in history will have to wait until his racing career is over—he may, for example, meet another 4-year-old named Buckpasser this fall—and until his success as a stud can be fairly evaluated. What is already established, however, is that Argentine breeding, in the more than 70 years since it began with a few boatloads of English stock, has risen to near the top of the world market. In a country where the horse is both a way and a symbol of life and where man and his animals have acquired the stamina necessary to survive a rugged existence, this is not a great surprise. Discounting what Argentine horses have done in competition among themselves, consider what they have meant to American racing.

- In 1945 not a single Argentine-bred horse won a stakes in the U.S. In 1955 four did, and in 1965 the number was 15. Last year 19 Argentine-breds won 25 American stakes. The 19 included such non-familiar names as Moontrap, Paololetto, Tronador and Davis II. On the last day of the long (234 days) New York season the 5-year-old Danolo II (a son of Sculptor and grandson of Tenerani) won the two-mile Display Handicap, giving Argentina the distinction of having produced the winner of the longest handicap run anywhere in the U.S. Two months earlier a non-race Aqueduct card included 23 foreign-breds, 13 of them from Argentina.

- In 20 years Argentine-breds have accounted for some of the most prestigious U.S. stakes victories. Two of them, Taken and Michel, won the Santa Anita Handicap. The line fills. Miss Grillo won 10 stakes during 1946-49, including the mile-and-three-quarters San Juan Capistrano at Santa Anita. Another victory in this race, now run on the grass, was achieved in March by Nourkes. Sensitivo won the 1962 Gallant Fox, and Rico Monte captured four handicaps, including the Whitney, in 1947. Both Mister Black and Tudor Way won the Goliathstream Park Handicap, and in 1965 Primordial II won an upset victory in the Widener Handicap, just 10 years after El Chama (an Argentine-bred representing Venezuela) turned in an equally surprising upset in the Washington, D.C. International at Laurel.

and word

• Although neither Talon nor Maché has produced a top runner—and the American offspring of Tatan and Arturo A. have yet to race—Endeavour II (imported in 1947) has produced winners of over \$4 million, including the 1953 2-year-old champion Porterhouse, Rex Ellsworth's fine handicap star, Prove It, the filly Big Effort, and, most recently, the 1967 Santa Anita Handicap winner, Pretense. Rico Monte, sire of the good race mare Endine, has been an effective if not sensational producer, but the best of them all might have been Ellsworth's Nigromante (imported in 1957), who died at a time when his most illustrious son, Candy Spots, was making a name for himself at tracks on both coasts.

Breeders everywhere are usually cautious about where to assign the credit for the success of either an individual stallion or the operation of an entire stud farm. Leslie Combs jokes—but is serious—about his wonderful Spendthrift water, and Joe O'Farrell preaches about the mineral properties in the belt of land that runs through Ocala, Fla. Any breeder worth the price of his annual racing manual knows that one stallion can make a farm, temporarily at least, and that soil care and pasture rotation are important. Still, all will concede that the late William Woodward Sr. was right when he said many years ago, "Upon the quality of the mares depends the success of the stud."

Horse-wise Argentines have known all along that Woodward was right. And no one seems to know it better than Señora Victoria Roca, who has 180 broodmares at Ojo de Agua. Concerning 120 of these she says, "I wouldn't sell one of them for all the gold in the world." The señora has sold a 2-year-old Aristophanes colt to Mike Phipps for \$120,000, and she estimates that the full brother of Forti that she plans to sell this fall should bring between \$250,000 and \$300,000. "After the sale to Mike Phipps," she says, "Tim Vigors came to me from England, and so did my countrymen Julio and Carlos Menditeguy, who were buying for Rex Ellsworth. They wanted to buy my best mares, but I was firm and told them all, 'If you love your mares you love everything.'"

The basis of Argentine breeding has been British bloodstock. For every French stallion or mare that made the trip to the pampas, 10 came from England. Today there are roughly 6,000

foals a year in Argentina, the country ranks second in the world to the U.S., which last year produced nearly 20,000. And the problem, similar to the situation in the States, is an excess of production. This is the belief of breeders Luis and Pepe Duggan. "With some 10,000 mares," says former 10-goal polo player Luis, "we're obviously getting some good horses, but we're getting too many bad ones, too. Nevertheless, you cannot stop a man from sending his own horse—even if it is a bad one—to the stud if he wishes. If you do that it is the end of the game."

Arturo Bullrich, leading sales executive who supervises the auctioning of the majority of horses foaled in Argentina each year, sees a bright future for the Argentine horse, especially in the American market. "The more the U.S. goes to distance racing and to grass racing," he says, "the more interested its people will be in our product, for it is a product of a perfect climate and of a land rich in minerals." Breeder Julio Menditeguy and his brother Carlos, both former 10-goal polo players, agree. They carry 150 mares and five stallions at their Haras El Turf, some 80 miles from Buenos Aires, and brought the stallion Arturo A. to the U.S. to be syndicated by Leslie Combs. "It seems," says Julio, "that in the U.S. you breed mostly for speed because you want a quick return. Here we breed to stay, and our staying blood comes from English classic winners going many generations back. But there is no reason why a cross between your U.S. speed and our staying power should not produce an ideal horse."

It is somewhat curious that Argentines, interested as they are in staying blood and distance racing, should have so little regard for the great gains made by French breeders along these same lines. "French success on the track," says Arturo Bullrich, "does not mean success as a stallion. It seems to me that the French produce purely for better blood with no regard for the production of beauty. But in Argentina, as in England, we like good-looking horses." Señora Victoria Roca agrees, despite the fact that she stands the French stallion Cardani II along with Aristophanes at Ojo de Agua. "I am against the French," she says, "because they are guilty of excessive inbreeding and they have not the right regard for looks. Cardani is standing here only because

he produces fillies with speed, and they are ideal to be bred to Aristophanes. You see, speed must come from the mares, while stamina comes from the stallion."

Although racing has made considerable progress in Chile, Peru, Venezuela and, recently, Brazil, Argentina is still lengths ahead of other South American countries and is likely to remain so. There are more than 20 tracks in Argentina, and the best racing takes place in Buenos Aires, where crowds of more than 60,000 are not uncommon at the two major courses at San Isidro and Palermo. Racing at the former is mostly over grass, while the Palermo surfaces are dirt. At both the purses are moderate (highest, \$40,000), the competition is keen and the emphasis is on distance racing, for most Argentine breeders agree that no race has much lasting significance unless it is contested at a distance between 2,500 and 3,000 meters (roughly between a mile and a half and two miles).

To raise stock for this sort of work and, hopefully, to impress U.S. buyers, many Argentine stud farms have become as selective and efficient as their counterparts in Kentucky, California and Florida. The two most impressive are the combined operation known as Comalal and Chapadmalal, about 255 miles south of B.A. and only 15 miles from the seaside resort of Mar del Plata, and Ojo de Agua, about 40 miles away.

At Comalal, where the breeding farm alone takes up more than 11,000 acres, Owners Miguel E. and Miguel A. Martinez de Hoz have 150 mares and four stallions. Of the 100 foals arriving each year, all the colts are usually sold as un-raced 2-year-olds, along with all but about 15 fillies, who are first raced and then retained for the stud. Their Argentine-bred Sideral is the country's leading stallion in number of winners, but the most famous is Court Harwell, who has topped both the English and Irish stallion lists and whose most notable son at the moment is Meadow Court, second in the Epsom Derby and St. Leger and winner of the Irish Derby in 1965.

The showplace of all, however, is Ojo de Agua, with its spectacular variety of trees and flowers, its unrivaled band of broodmares, and a mistress who wanders through her apparently limitless acreage feeding her horses carrots out of an old flower basket and making up mating lists that she has persuaded herself should

produce nothing but crop after crop of future Forlís. Part of the old house in which she lives at Ojo de Agua was built more than a century ago by one of her ancestors, whose name was Pedro Euro. If the name rings a bell the reason is that Pedro Euro was also the grandfather of Trainer Horatio Euro, who won two Kentucky Derbies in three years with Oxleydey and Northern Dancer.

A few classically bred mares were imported from England to Ojo de Agua in 1878, and the foundation of the stud was

bolstered with the arrival of such celebrated stallions as Cyllene and later, Coagreve. In the farm's cemetery, where only mares who have produced winners of Argentine classics are permitted to be buried, there are already more than 40 tombstones. "Twelve of the 20 broodmares officially considered as the foundation mares of all Argentine breeding came from this stud," says Señora Victoria Roca proudly. While praising her own stock, the señora is just as quick to put a not-so-gentle knock on her competitors.

For example, when the success of the stallions at Central is mentioned, she stiffens immediately and says, "I'm against Soderal, because I'm against a horse who just produces winners. He may have 40 or more winners, but what about the classics? I am in favor of an Aristophanes, who may produce fewer winners but who produces a champion like Forlís. Just look at Aristophanes! He has the best of all Hyperion characteristics—an eye the same color as his coat, rouse chestnut."

Since the death of Don Julio Vignoria Roca 13 years ago, his widow has guided Ojo de Agua with a firm hand. An advocate of many of Teso's breeding theories, she still relies mostly on a set of her own rules for evaluating a horse. "Conformation, soundness and pedigree are important, in that order," she said.

I put conformation on top because I like the look of a good horse. Not only his overall structure. I also want a nice, clear eye and an attractive head. Soundness comes next, because only by mating two sound animals can you expect a sound offspring. If one or the other is not sound you multiply your chances of producing an unsound foal. This brings us to pedigree. It is very, very important, yes, but if the horses with the best pedigrees in the world have poor conformation or are unsound, I want nothing to do with them. In other words, I want the best horses, and if they aren't the best I don't want them.

Later, in the señora's dining room there was enough silver to furnish a combined Tiffany and Cartier display. "The big silver cups in here are duplicates for the breeders," she said, "and what you are now looking at are 19 Coron Premio Nacional cups. No other stud in Argentina has ever won more than four."

"Do you have any opinions about racing in the U.S.?" she was asked.

I know nothing whatsoever about our racing or your breeding," she said, "except that it is bound to improve if you continue to import horses from Ojo de Agua. I also know you have a race there called the Kentucky Derby."

"Did you know, then, that your distant cousin, Horatio Euro, trained two winners of the Kentucky Derby?"

Señora Victoria Roca rose from the table. The glow from the big fire illuminated a smile she did not try to conceal as she replied, "I always thought Horatio was a nice boy."

END



REMINISCENT OF PARIS: with its long sweeps the Piedad track in Buenos Aires is much like a grandstand at Epsom. American flags (center), U.S. flag (left), and B.A. flag (right) wave. Argentina 1980.

Psychologist **Joyce Brothers** has analyzed the baseball fan. She says that a man "unable to prove his masculinity by beating another male in a fierce match or bringing fresh bear meat back to the cave uses baseball as a symbolic release. Following the actions of top heroes via the sports pages provides the same satisfaction to a man that reading a Hollywood gossip column does for his wife. As for women, they go to a ball game simply to please the men in their lives. Baseball is something to be endured."

"Dear Tom," wrote **Groucho Marx** (*below*) to **F. S. Eliot**. "If this isn't your first name, I'm in a hell of a fix! But I think I read somewhere that your last name is the same as Tom Gibbons', a prizefighter who once lived in St. Paul. . . ." "Dear Groucho," replied Eliot, "Yours of October 1st to hand. I cannot recall the name of Tom Gibbons at present, but if he helps you to remember my name that is all right with me."

The correspondence between

Marx and Eliot is included in *The Groucho Letters*, published last week by Simon and Schuster. In another letter Groucho tells of seeing Joe DiMaggio at a restaurant one night. "He wasn't wearing his baseball suit. This struck me as rather foolish. Suppose a ball game broke out. . . ." Marx it would seem, even had the last word with Eliot. He wrote, "Since you are actually an early American I don't mean that you are an old piece of furniture, but you are a fugitive from St. Louis; you should have heard of Tom Gibbons. For your edification, Tom Gibbons was a native of St. Paul, Minnesota, which is only a stone's throw from Missouri. That is, if the stone is encased in a missile. Tom was, at one time, the lightweight champion of the world, although outweighed by twenty pounds by Jack Dempsey; he fought him to a standstill in Shelby, Montana. . . . When I call you Tom, this means you are a mixture of a heavyweight prizefighter, a male ally cat and the third President of the United States."

Perhaps convinced after the Beatles and Twigg, that you can sell some of the people all of the time, the British have a new merchandising phenomenon, **Sir Francis Chichester**. Still 4,000 miles away from the end of his one-man round-the-world voyage in the 30-foot ketch *Gipsy Moth II*, Sir Francis has lent his name and approval to beer, wool, Daks slacks; the wares then on shipboard to demonstrate the permanence of their crease; certain dyes (a limited number, since Sir Francis' taste is restricted to variations of navy blue); carpets, underwear, T-shirts, socks and sweaters. The makers of everything from the burning-on *Gipsy Moth* to the Chichester sailing cap have trumpeted their part in the trip. Now the agency that handles Batman has taken over the merchandising of the Chichester name, and there are

plans to manufacture a toy *Gipsy Moth* which would sail around bathtubs. Unfortunately, one promoter points out, "Sir Francis' name is a bit of a mouthful for kids."

"I am personally interested in sports cars," said French Premier **Georges Pompidou** at the Paris auto show last year, but just how interested no one could have guessed. Last week Pompidou announced a loan of \$12 million from the government's budget for the development of a "100% French" Formula 1 car. Said an official of Matra, the missile and satellite manufacturer whom Pompidou picked to get the new racer off the ground, "If we turn out a successful car, we're supposed to repay the loan. We're also planning a Ferrari-type French sports car. It will be good for French prestige."

Meanwhile, in his shop on South Broadway in Santa Ana, Calif., **Dan Gurney** has been working on his *American Eagle*, the car with which he hopes to win the Grand Prix world championship for the U.S. The last victory in a Grand Prix race by an American-built car was back in 1921 when a Duesenberg driven by Jimmy Murphy won the French Grand Prix. Gurney, who needs at least \$300,000 to race on the Grand Prix circuit this year, is raising the money by selling \$15 memberships in an organization he has founded called the All-American Racers Eagle Club. Some 100 people have applied so far, including housewives, doctors, secretaries, a butcher and a biologist. With the membership comes jacket patches, decals, a silver eagle tie tack, an eagle T-shirt and an autographed picture of Gurney.

When he found leg irons under the front seat of a Cadillac parked in Pittsburgh's Chatham Center garage, the attendant became suspicious. The car, bearing Canadian license

plates, had been there for almost a week, and no one seemed to know who owned it. The police were notified, and they uncovered some 20-gauge shells under the rear seat. The Mounties were called in, and the owner was finally tracked down. He turned out to be **Doug Harvey**, the former NHL defenseman who now plays for the Pittsburgh Hornets. Harvey told police he had been on a road trip. As for the leg irons, Harvey is a deputy constable in Montreal in the off-season.

For the kickoff of New York's party season next fall, fashionable women will be wearing football jerseys as evening dresses, or so suggests America's leading designer, **Geoffrey Beene**. In his new collection are three floor-length football shirts (*below*) with high necks, long sleeves, yokes, stripes, armbands and numbers back and front. The dresses are made of sequins and chiffon which should have tear-away qualities to suit any coach. The cost per uniform: \$1,000.



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## Coach Mao calls off the game

When a suspicious Mao Tse-tung had his top-ranking players put under arrest, it opened the door for the Japanese to win the world championship

Ever since 1959, when Red Chinese players began their monotonous habit of lugging world-championship cups back to Peking, international table tennis players have rivaled our State Department as China watchers. But at the recent World Table Tennis Championships in Stockholm they got no such opportunity, for the Red wizards stayed home behind their great wall. While political analysts continued to juggle the clues and speculate on the seriousness of China's factional turmoil, the 600 players from 47 countries who met in Sweden needed no further evidence than China's absence to conclude that Mao Tse-tung was in real trouble.

Their reasoning was simple. Table tennis is China's national sport. Ineligible to compete in the Olympic Games, Chinese athletes have concentrated more and more on table tennis, whose international federation is the largest and most inclusive sports organization in the world. More than 100 nations belong to it, including the two Vietnams, the two Koreas and the two Germanys. But the Red Chinese, with 6 million tournament players, are the masters. Once every two years, when the world championships are held, a Chinese contingent of players, newsmen, delegates, propagandizing interpreters, masseurs, cooks and a laundryman descends on the tournament, and after 10 or 11 business-like days the Chinese send their nearest rivals, the Japanese, the North Koreans, the Swedes, the Russians and the Czechs back home to practice.

For the past six years the world singles title has been held by China's sports hero, Chuang Tse-tung, who, playing with the customary Oriental penholder grip, is probably the greatest attacking player the game has seen. During this time, too, together with his able teammates, Li Fu-jung and Chang Shih-lin, Chuang has repeatedly given China the Swaythling Cup, table tennis' equivalent of the Davis Cup. But while international

experts do not deny China's hegemony, and though they look with admiration at the dazzling Red technique—a technique that consists of covering the entire court with forehand drives and blasting winners at seemingly impossible angles—there has always been something galling in the aftermath of their victories. Invariably Champion Chuang, twice China's Sportsman of the Year and an honorary member of Peking's parliament, has been quoted as saying, "I owe my entire table tennis success to the study of Mao Tse-tung's philosophy."

Now, after six years of this repetitive nonsense, it was gratifying to learn in Stockholm that it was a run-in with Mao's ostensibly forehand-producing philosophy that kept Chuang and his buddies from defending their titles. Said Europe's top player, Hans Alster of Sweden, "It seems that Chuang and his team have been quietly listening to the wrong coach for some time. The Hong Kong papers have reported it but, even more reliably, it was passed along our international grapevine by a player who has escaped from the mainland to Taiwan. Chuang and the whole Chinese team have been in jail. They have been secret members for some time of a 'counterrevolutionary' anti-Mao group known as the Black Band, led by Liu Shao-chi. Recently, we hear, Chuang made a public apology in the press and he's been released, but as for the others—well, I don't suppose we'll be playing them again. But what's the difference? There are still a hundred players in China who can beat anyone in the world."

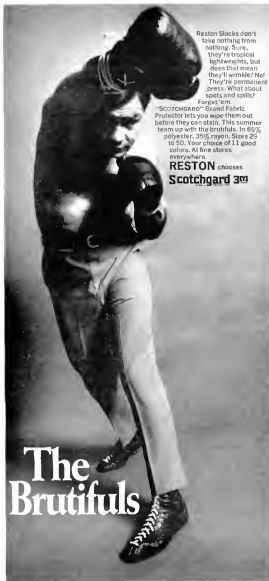
With the absence of the Chinese, the finals of the Swaythling Cup were, for a change, a reasonably close contest. Japan won, edging out North Korea 5 matches to 3. In the men's singles Nobuhiko Hasegawa beat a teammate, Mitsuru Kono, in five sets. It is doubtful if either could have beaten Chuang Tse-tung, and they can thank Coach Mao that they didn't have to.

END

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# The Brutifuls

HORSE SHOWS / Alice Higgins

## Rafe, the tomboy terror of Texas

At most horse shows the junior classes are events that only a parent could love. Long lines of children ride often-reluctant horses over jumps with assorted degrees of skill. They are not spectacles that make one stand up and shout, but the kids have to start somewhere, so most show managements schedule those classes for early morning or as matinees, to get them out of the way.

At the recent Fort Sam Houston and San Antonio Charity shows, however, the junior jumper classes were well worth getting up for, though they required strong nerves by spectators. As one judge put it, "I don't know if they thrill you or chill you, but they sure get a lot of jump out of those horses." Since the limit of the barriers for juniors is five feet (5' 6" in punance classes) and time is usually a factor, it is hard to say just how high some of the kids could go.

The terror of the time classes was high school senior Rafael Jovelly of Fredericksburg, Texas. With her Sola Lora, a 7-year-old racetrack dropout, she was the junior jumper champion at both shows, and in her harum-scarum style Rafe made a cliffhanger out of each competition. Defying the odds and rulebook advice, she takes astonishing chances, directing procedures from any point between the horse's ears and its tail.

San Antonians recall seeing Rafe as a small child, sound asleep while awaiting a class, and she herself remembers that she won her first blue ribbon at the age of 4. She was then taking lessons from an Hawaiian princess. She now trains with Colonel John Russell and leads a group known as Russell's Riders. Russell tells of an incident at a fancy exhibitor's party a few years back, when he strolled out onto the patio just in time to hear Rafe say to his son, "You take that one, Johnny, this one's mine." Two punches were thrown, and a saddle-horse

exhibitor was flat on his back. "Those gated horse riders are sissies," said Rafe.

A sissy is something Rafe certainly is not. At one horse show she was fished out of a pen in which she was making friends with an angry buffalo. Her mother seems resigned to the fact that girls will be tomboys, although friends claim that she visibly ages each time Rafe shows. Rafe's latest (and safest) stunt was to enter a Betty Crocker contest as a gag. She won it. Miss Crocker would be shocked to learn that the last time Rafe cooked she set the kitchen on fire heating dog food. After the firemen departed she went off with some friends for some innocent amusement—jumping off a 40-foot bridge into the water. She was just coming back for her third jump when she was collared by the law, taken off to the pokey, lectured and released.

Now Rafe is planning to have a try at the U.S. three-day team. "A three-day event!" said a San Antonio horseman who knows her. "Hell, Rafe will have the

whole thing finished in one morning!"

Rafe was not the only junior who gave the audience chills at this show. Both horses and riders were thoroughly unorthodox in style, but the parents, at least, remained calm at the sight of beloved offspring in unescorted flight. Ginger Wallace's Dr. Strangelove seemed to try his best to land on his hind feet, and the acrobatics of Susan Owen's Look Out Henry defy description. "If you could put a saddle on a snake," said Coach Russell. "I imagine it would be like riding Henry." Henry, another race-track failure that Susan bought for \$350 and trained herself, is an eye-rolling, twenty jumper. Susan calls him her permanently green horse. Many others, like the Bowman sisters—Ruth, 18, and Barbara, 14—and 13-year-old Wanda Barfield, seem to have horses with east-iron mouths and the finishing instincts of a Seahorse. "Things are a little different here in Texas," explains Russell. "Most of these kids have ridden on ranches from the time they could walk. They'll

climb up on anything with huds on it. And as an old horse-show rider, let me say that it scares me to go on a cross-country ride with the Bownmans, for example. The combination of terrain and speed is terrifying."

The Bownmans have their own private Outward Bound program at their ranch. When the children are old enough they paddle downstream in a canoe, cook dinner, spend the night alone in a cave reachable only by a stiff climb, cook breakfast and return to the fold. Ruth is now going to school in Switzerland but plans to join Rafael at college in the East this fall. One of their objectives is fox hunting. "Heavens," said one of their friends, "can't you just see them over-riding the staff and hounds and catching the fox with their bare hands?"

As one of the open-jumper-class riders said after watching Wanda Barfield cut every corner at top speed, "These are the open riders of the future." Then he added, "I'll be retired by then, thank God!"

END

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## Over the hills and far ahead

**New Zealand's Dave McKenzie broke up a tight duel in Newton's heights to foil a Japanese play that had led to two straight Boston sweeps**

It was beginning to seem that the only way for Bostonians to prepare properly for Patriots' Day was to take a cram course in Japanese numbers, particularly the low ones: *ichi, ni, san, shi*—because for the last two years the Boston Marathon has been a Japanese stampede down Beacon Street. Methodically, the Japanese had finished the 26-mile, 385-yard course in *relé* *à la* order, as the rest of the world gasped along behind.

This year official Boston was at the finish line at the Prudential Center and

ready. Mayor John Collins, greenwreath and gold medal in hand, was silently mouthing the Japanese word for congratulations, the band was scotching up for the Japanese anthem and the crowd, unrattled by a litter, slanting, bone-chilling rain, was set with hundreds of Japanese flags. A sudden roar around the corner on Horeford Street, and here came *ichu hsu*. He burst into sight, a tiny figure, clumping along with stolid strides, his arms pumping and his head held high.

Good grief, *ichu hsu* had bright orange hair. In fact, *ichu hsu* was not Japanese at all. He was a wisp of a fellow (5'4", 120 pounds), a 24-year-old punter from New Zealand who was away from home for the first time in his life. Not only had David C. McKenzie turned the Boston Marathon into something other than a Japanese rout, he ran the course faster than it had ever been run before: two hours, 15 minutes and 45 seconds.

With a desecrate ruffling of pages, the hand came on strong with *Goodbye to the Queen*, but before the look of stark amazement had left the faces of race officials, Shock No. 2 bolted into view. Tom Laris, an American. It was the first time in six years that an American runner had finished anywhere near the leader, and Laris did it just 15 seconds off the old course record. A minute later Yutaka Aoki salvaged third place for Japan, but not on his heels came the second star-spangled surprise, Louis Castagnola, a 30-year-old electrical engineer from Maryland, who made it in two hours, 17 minutes and 48 seconds, and that, sir, is world-class time.

And where were the rest of the Japanese? Oh, baby, you don't ask. Antonio Ambro, the Italian champion, and Andy

Boychuk, Canada's best, were home before the Japanese crew finished seventh, eighth and fifth. Somebody had not forgotten Pearl Harbor.

The question is: What happened to the Japanese of the formidable reputations? Two years ago they finished 1, 2, 3, 5 and 6, and last year they were even more thorough. They sent only four runners. The quartet charged up the Newton hills in lock-step, staying out slightly on Commonwealth Avenue and crossed the line 1, 2, 3 and 4.

The four who entered this year were a sort of junior varsity, Japan's best being saved for a marathon in Mexico next month. Small comfort. Picture a map of Japan. Put your finger on it anywhere. Squash. Theoretically, you have just landed on a marathoner. So thoroughly have the Japanese gone at the event, there are nearly 20 runners who can finish any course within 30 seconds of each other, and all the times are that close to a record.

The four who were picked for this year's running arrived in Boston eight days before Patriots' Day, sticky little fellows who bowed a lot, smiled a lot, took pictures of anything they could get in their sights and then took pictures of each other taking pictures. When they were told such things as, "You are not eligible to run as a team," and, "The field really is a lot stronger this year," they said *oh* and laughed.

The press dutifully recorded such pearls, figuring that no matter what the Japanese said it was meaningful. As for local talent, not only was Tom Laris overlooked by the Japanese, he was overlooked by Tom Laris. "Oh, I'd like to make it in two hours and 20 minutes," he said. "That would give me a measure of satisfaction." As for his assessment of the Japanese, it was just like everyone else's: "Those guys are unbelievably."

Laris' credentials were really quite sound. Last year he entered the marathon mostly for laughs, as his home was then in nearby Lynn. But he surprised just about everybody by finishing seventh. This year he was far less offhand about his training. After a good indoor season, he won a couple of two- and three-mile races and pushed Australia's Kerry O'Brien to a two-mile record. Laris really went to work, reeling off 125 miles a week around Palo Alto, Calif., where he now lives.

Dave McKenzie arrived in Boston



MCKENZIE CHARGES AHEAD IN NEWTON

10 days before starting time, retired to a friend's house in Winchester and proceeded to disappear into the woodwork, except for daily workouts and a brief tour of the course. He loped up the hills in Newton, nodded his head vigorously and said, "It suits me style." Almost anything does. McKenzie had won eight of 10 marathons he entered, two of those wins coming in the last 12 weeks.

A huge, billowing gray mass of a low-pressure area saluted Patriots' Day by snowing all over Boston. To go out in such weather was unreasonable, illogical and foolish. So what happened in Boston was irrefutable evidence that Japan has no lock on manias. Last year Boston Athletic Association officials were staggered by 415 starters. By 11 a.m. on this Patriots' Day the Hopkinton High School gym was stuffed with 601 souls—most of whom would not strike you as odd at first glance. Dr. Lawrence Hilt, 67 years old, from Eugene, Ore., respected in his community, loved by his family and a responsible, serious man, was there, reeking of wintergreen. Dick Rothschild owns a seat on the New York Stock Exchange—that's \$350,000, baby—and there he was, reeking of wintergreen.

The question is, why? The best of the lot will make it to Boston in just over two hours. For most, it will take twice that long, and on this day every one of them will be chilled, soaked, sore and exhausted at the end, and for what? A bowl of watery beef stew, compliments of the BAA. Thanks a lot. The question was put to a priest (reeking of wintergreen). "Because, because . . ." and then his eyes veiled over and off he went, muttering: "The race, ah, the race."

Five minutes before high noon the starters jostled shoulder to shoulder just off Hopkinton Square, joyfully peering into the bitter slanting rain and puffing great vaporous clouds. As the clock struck, off they went. Almost immediately the Boston Marathon became two races. Up front, way up front, were the world's best, 20 runners who bunched together in a tight little mass, unable to pull away and terrified of dropping out. The Italian, Ambu, set the early pace, and it was a fast one. It was also just what the Japanese did not want. Official or not, the Japanese were a team, and their overwhelming success in the last two years came because *why* set the pace. For the casual observer, however, that

*continued*

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ball of humanity seemed to have a mind of its own, a creature with 40 legs.

Well back of all that was the other race, the one for doctors and stock brokers and students and priests and, yes, by George, the girls. Shunned by officials and unable to enter by virtue of some obscure and ill-defined dictum established shortly before women got the vote, the girls started the rebellion last year when Roberta Gibbs Ringay, a leggy blonde from Winchester, hopped out from behind a bush and joined the happy throng. By finishing in a perfectly respectable, if strictly unofficial, time of three hours and 21 minutes, Roberta demolished the sound, old theory that women can do nothing for a marathon.

Furthermore, Roberta was there behind the hush again this year, and she was not alone. At the start of the race came a frantic cry from the press bus. "No. 261 is a brass!" Indeed she was, a lovely girl listed officially on the program as K. Switzer. That is, Kathy, to her friends, and she is currently an English major at Syracuse University. It was that number that caused the trouble. It made Kathy Switzer official, and it made Jack Semple, a BAA official, furious. He gallantly tried to wrestle Kathy off the course but was prevented from doing so by some burly Syracuse companions of Miss Switzer. Roberta finished in 3:27:17, Kathy in about four and a half hours.

Up front, that fast-moving ball of arms and legs was shrinking. First one, then another of the runners peeled off until there were just nine hobbling heads. At about the 15-mile mark, the Japanese, most unhappy now because Honorable McKenzie seemed to be getting stronger, resorted to emergency tactics. A Japanese bolted off ahead and when McKenzie ignored the ploy dropped back with the pack. Then another raced ahead. Nothing, and back he came. There was a third try and a fourth. McKenzie did not bite.

Then came the hills, the awful, awful hills of Newton, three of them in succession. They are not really all that formidable but after running 18 miles Mont Blanc. And it was here that McKenzie began to move ahead—10 yards, 15 yards—and then three-quarters of the way up the last hill, called Bearbreak. "I felt something in me legs click," said McKenzie, "like a gear. And all of a sudden I was off and away."

*Savonara everyone.*

END

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## Where headwork means more than the swing



FRANCIS GILSON

Every golf shot combines two basic elements. One is judging distance and the effect of wind or terrain on the ball. The other is the execution of the swing. In putting, the mental calculations are more important than in any other shot—and more difficult—but there are ways to help yourself. Many golfers simply pace the distance to the cup. I don't recommend that. Instead, stand over the ball and look at the line to the hole, simultaneously measuring the distance in five- or 10-foot intervals. Then check the texture of the grass and remember these few tips: you obviously do not have to hit a putt as hard when the grass grows toward the cup as when it grows toward you, but the grain can be difficult to see. In Florida grass grows toward the setting sun; in California it grows toward the ocean. With both bent and Bermuda grass the grain is with you when the grass looks slick and shiny, and it is against you when it looks dull and dark.

*Distance can best be judged by mentally marking it off in five- or 10-foot intervals.*

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ORDEAL



*What started out as a carefree adventure in the rugged Himalayas for three U.S. college students suddenly turned into a trip of terror because of one mistake in judgment during our attempted conquest of a dangerous mountain peak*

BY STEPHEN R. MCCARTHY

# ABOVE TESI LAPCHA

CONTINUED

Most Himalayan expeditions begin in the same place, where the only road east of Katmandu ends in a muddy rice paddy. But not all Himalayan expeditions begin in the same way. Ours began when Gary Payne and I, both sophomores at Reed College, took off for a few days of sking at Thanksgiving in 1962. We talked about trying to climb Mt. McKinley in Alaska the next summer, and then the conversation wandered from one more fantastic idea to another. Finally Gary suggested, "Let's go to Nepal and climb in the Himalayas." I agreed.

During the next year we talked, wrote letters, made phone calls and begged manufacturers for supplies and financial help. Slowly our wild, improbable dream began to take shape. Gary and I were both 19 at the time. Around Christmastime I called an old high school friend, David Wyatt, then at the University of Chicago, and outlined our plan. It was sketchy, at best, but Dave thought it was great. Finally, in September of 1963, the three of us flew to Bombay and then to Katmandu, the capital of Nepal. The expedition had begun.

Our jeep stopped near the rice paddy, and our porters came out of a few small buildings where they had waited for us. The sun began to melt the fog that had settled in the valley during the night. Above we could see clear, blue sky, and ahead we could see a rutted trail, the trail to Mt. Everest.

There aren't any books that tell you how to get along with porters. We had 10 and one Sherpa guide, and if you don't know how to handle something you have 10 of, you have a problem. On that first morning near Katmandu we came close to complete breakdown. The porters wanted to take along an extra member, making 11, and we told them we really couldn't afford it, which was true. They said they wouldn't go at all. So there we were, halfway around the world, on the verge of beginning our big adventure, and we had a labor strike on our hands. We argued through our Sherpa, and we pleaded and yelled—in English and Nepali. No luck.

Then we tried the we-are-all-members-of-the-team routine. Gary put on his Pendleton jacket and Alpine hat, pulled up his collar and walked back and forth in front of the line of porters, like Vince Lombardi in front of the Packer bench. The porters were amused. When Gary's line, "All right, boys, I want you to go out there and walk your tails off," was translated by Lackpa, our Sherpa, the porters broke into open laughter.

I was less and less amused, for the day was wearing on. We had allowed ourselves 17 days to get to Thyangboche, the famous monastery at the foot of Everest from where we hoped to attempt an assault on some peak, and we wanted to be on the trail. I finally settled on the magic ingredient in all strike negotiations: more money. We agreed to pay

the 11th man a little *baksheesh* for his troubles and to give one porter an extra rupee a day for performing camp duties. Porter wages, when they work for an expedition, are about \$4 a day. Lackpa, the Sherpa, got \$1.12, plus food and equipment. By Nepalese standards they were all well paid.

The porters reluctantly shouldered their loads, and we took our first steps up the trail to Everest. Ahead—on the march in—lay 175 miles of the beautiful hills of Nepal, hard work, fun and lots of *baksheesh* to keep the porters moving.

Those first few days on the march to Thyangboche were idyllic. No one could ask more from life. Each morning we rose with the sun and, after a cup of tea, we hiked for four hours. In the late morning we made camp and cooked a huge meal. Most of the time we were able to buy fresh eggs and sometimes milk. We used native grains for cereal when our commercial cereal ran out. In the lowlands we bought grapefruit, tangerines and bananas. Sometimes after our meal we napped or took pictures. David collected insects, for we had arranged to make collections for both the Smithsonian and the Chicago Natural History Museum.

By early afternoon we would be on the trail again, putting in four more hours of solid hiking. Sometimes on a hot afternoon we would stop to buy native beer—a thick gruel called *chang*—for our porters. We could never stomach the stuff ourselves—and God knows we tried—but the porters loved it. Its food value was probably much higher than its alcoholic content.

We hiked in tennis shoes and shorts, and in the hot afternoons we removed our shirts. We carried packs as heavy as our porters did and, with the easy 10-to-12-mile-a-day pace, we gradually built up our strength. We would need it.

As we went east across Nepal, our route gradually turned north. The valleys became higher, the ridges cold and bare. The people changed from the lowland tribesmen to the more Mongoloid Tibetan-Sherpa stock, and the culture changed. As we climbed higher, the Tibetan influence was clearly visible in the food and dress of the people, and especially in their religion. They were Buddhist almost to a man, and the trails were lined with carved rocks inscribed with Tibetan-Buddhist prayers. The houses were no longer the mud brick and straw roofs of the lower tribesmen, but the sturdy stone and wooden beams of the Sherpas.

Even with clear weather we saw little of the high mountains before we arrived at Namche Bazar, the last large village before Everest. Each pass got colder and higher—13,000 feet now—and we could sometimes see a flash of white or a high, rocky ridge. But that was all. The beauty of the high Himalayas is well hidden. Most often it is hidden by distance, but even when you are close the clouds or the surrounding ridges veil the splendor of those peaks.

At Namche Bazar we paid off the lowland porters, whom we had finally learned to live with in a rough, unpleasant

*continued*



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kind of truce. In their place we hired more Sherpas, better suited to the cold. They turned out to be Lackpa's family—mother, brothers, sisters, and a dog or two for good measure. They brought along some rice liquor, which tasted a little like the sake of Japan. Since the march from Namche Bazar to Thyangboche was a short one—only a few miles—we went along with the game and made a picnic out of it.

We left Namche Bazar, picking our way up the trail, climbing steeply in the early-morning cold. The sun in an icy-blue sky hadn't warmed us when we pulled up over a knoll and stopped short. The highest mountains in the world were spread out before us. After days of walking we could see our goal. On both sides of the steep canyon of the Dudh Kosi were peaks slightly over 20,000 feet, more spectacular than any in the world. Hillary once called the walk from Namche Bazar to Thyangboche the most beautiful in the world, and we could see what he meant.

Amma Dablam, a giant tower, dominated the valley. Tamsariku, a cold, icy-blue triangle, was on our right. Everest, the biggest of them all, was straight ahead, still partially hidden by peaks. In the middle of all of this was a ridge about 13,500 feet high. On it was a small white dot—the great Buddhist monastery of Thyangboche. We quickened the pace, leaving the Sherpas to drink their *ruk shi*, and we sang as we walked the final few miles.

The monastery was an important one, and we knew it was desirable to establish good relations with the people. With this in mind, we put on clean shirts, tried to comb our hair and unpacked a heavy woolen blanket that we had brought as a gift. With Lackpa to act as interpreter, we crossed the last few hundred feet of meadow to the doors of the monastery, blanket held out as an offering.

The guards, two huge Tibetans with black Tibetan mustiffs on leashes, had seen us coming. Lackpa told them our plans and that we wanted to see the High Lama. Shortly thereafter we were admitted, and, ducking our heads, we went through the low first floor of the High Lama's private quarters. A creaky flight of stairs took us to an open courtyard. Along the sides were stacked Tibetan holy books, large sheets of beautifully inscribed parchment held unbound between two boards. A few rose bushes in tin cans were next to the Lama's chair.

The High Lama of Thyangboche entered, and we stood up. Lackpa bowed, and the Lama touched his forehead. We held our hands in front of us, as if to pray, and said what we hoped was a proper greeting, "Namaste, Lama." He was pleased with the blanket, lifting it to feel its weight and saying something in Tibetan to Lackpa. The formality ebbed and, with the help of Lackpa and many cups of Tibetan yak-butter tea, we had a friendly visit.

We spent the next day trying to clean up. It was impossible and we knew it, but we tried. I borrowed a yak watering trough and tried to take a bath. Gary and David got some laughs, and I nearly got pneumonia, plus several interesting kinds of lice. And some monk got back a much cleaner watering trough.



*The residents began their expedition at Katmandu, marching east to Thyangboche. Down at Tseti Lapcha occurred on return trip.*

The rest at Thyangboche did us good. Our record for the march in had been remarkable, we thought. More than 175 miles in a strange land, living on native food as well as our own and putting in a steady eight hours of trekking every day, and we hadn't had a single blister, case of dysentery, cut finger or even sunburn. Our diet had been good, and we were in high spirits. The heavy packs had made us fit. We could jog across the meadow at 13,500 feet, and, although we would breathe heavily, we could feel the kind of strength needed if we were to attempt a climb.

The mountains were all around us. Amma Dablam hung over our heads, and Everest and Lhotse reminded us how small we were. It was November, and each night a new dusting of snow dropped on the peaks. The wind came up in the evenings, and cold fog from the valleys curled over the monastery. With evening the yaks came to the meadows, their clanking bells echoing off the bare rock ridges around our camp.

The monks began prayers. Their chants and the music of long brass horns (like alpenhorns) were a weird symphony. The shrines around the monastery were silhouetted in the fog and setting sun. A dark-robed monk made his evening rounds, and a cold, cold wind drove us into our down sleeping bags for the night, making us wonder which planet we were on.

Our outlook changed as we began to seriously consider an assault on one of the peaks. The holiday in the lowlands was over. There was less joking, each of us anxious to size himself up against the mountains. Early one morning we left Thyangboche with light packs and headed toward a low ridge near Everest to test ourselves, a sort of training climb. We took a tent, light rations and high-altitude clothing. Our path took us past the last trees and to a spot on the

*continued*

map called Pheriche, a few miles from the old base camp of the AMEE (the American Mount Everest Expedition). We put up our tent in the lee of an old stone hut the Sherpas used in the summer when they pastured their yaks in the higher meadows.

The morning offered a brilliant sight. The valley of the Imja Khola, where we had camped, was like a big bowl. Several inches of new snow had fallen. The tops of the peaks were flashing with light from the early sun, while the valley itself was still frigid and dark. We stood for a few minutes, shivering, and watched the sun move across the valley, bringing with it a little warmth.

Gary and I eyed the ridge to the north, a small extension of Nupese (23,850 feet), and decided to climb it. David planned to spend the day near the camp, looking for a species of beetle wanted by one of the museums.

Gary and I took off up the steep ridge at a pace that could only be called foolhardy. For about 3,000 feet we made great progress, when suddenly we had had it. We scrambled up another 500 feet or so. Then, exhausted, we took a few pictures and began to stumble down the mountain. David saw us coming and made tea for us at camp. He knew we were tired, he said, because he could see we weren't running down, which we usually did.

Gary and I collapsed at camp, drank sweet tea and discussed with Dave the results of our experiment. We had

pushed hard on purpose, to see how long we could keep it up. We were pleased, but we realized something that previous experience in Europe and Alaska had suggested to us. The fatigue of high altitude is a deceptive thing. It creeps up on you until you suddenly catch yourself doing something clumsy, or stupid, or dangerous.

The sun went down, and the cold closed in on us with an abruptness we were to come to dread in a few days. As long as the sun was up we felt a kind of superficial warmth. We could feel our faces frying in the thin air, but our feet would grow numb if we held still. In a matter of minutes after the sun set, life became a struggle. If there was a wind, we had to make camp. It was nearly December, and the cold, forbidding peaks, as well as the extreme loneliness of an empty Himalayan valley in winter, were almost frightening to the three of us.

The march back to Thyangboche was beautiful. In the bright sun our eyes roamed over the peaks picking imaginary routes, and we hoped that someday we could come back with a bigger, richer expedition that could support an assault on one of the large ones. So much of Himalayan climbing is decided by money and logistical support, not by nerve or skill. It should be this way. The mountains are big, and a few men, no matter how brave or technically skilled, are helpless against them. The great expeditions are like armies, with dozens of Sherpas, hundreds of porters, hun-



*When the expedition reached Thyangboche the three young climbers—David Wyatt, Gary Payne and Stephen McCarthy—paused to rest. They had enjoyed the trip so far and faced the future eagerly.*



dreds of thousands of dollars' worth of supplies and a large team of first-rate climbers, the generals.

Ours was small, and the total cost was about \$5,000, most of which was raised from friends. We had no hope of climbing a really big peak. So we left Thyangboche, after several more trips into the surrounding valleys, and began the trek back out to Katmandu. Rather than travel by the route we took in, we swung to the north and took the main trade route to Tibet, along the Bhote Kosi.

One day's march before we got to Tibet we left the caravans and began the climb to Tesi Lapcha pass. Tesi Lapcha is about 19,000 feet high, a thin notch in a high ridge that runs north and south, some six days' march from the base of Everest. No one uses it in the winter, and we had to search through several Sherpa villages before we could find Sherpas who wanted to make the trip with us. We would say in Nepali, "Going to Tesi Lapcha?" and they would look at us as if we were crazy.

Finally we put together a team. It was a good one. There were three Tibetans and five Sherpas in addition to Lackpa. They were tough, with great endurance, but they could laugh and smile, too.

We left the last village, Tham, and hiked to the foot of the pass. The valley was narrow, and the sides were steep and high. The sun went down early, and by 3 p.m. we had to make camp. We felt like we were walking off the edge of the earth. Down the valley we could see a few small peaks still lit by the sun. Everywhere else there was nothing but cold, blue peaks and a cold, black sky.

We had come to think of the Sherpa villages as civilization, and we had felt very much at home in them. Leaving and going to Tesi Lapcha was putting behind the last traces of comfort. Now it was ourselves alone against the land.

The next morning we crawled out of warm down bags, thawed out our boots and broke camp, ready to climb to the pass. We took the three strongest Sherpas and Lackpa. The others were to wait for two days, until Lackpa and the Sherpas had returned. Then they would all carry the rest of the loads up on the third day. Gary, David and I planned to spend three days at the top of the pass.

I can't really say what each of us was thinking as we took the first steps early on that cold morning. We were quiet. Ahead was a notch in the skyline, Tesi Lapcha. To get to it we had to climb a long, rotten moraine, cross an ice field and climb a steep ice slope. On each side of the notch were peaks. To the south they were about 22,000 feet high and to the north about 24,000 feet. None of us mentioned it, but later we found that all three of us were looking carefully at a peak to the south as we climbed to the pass. The peak was steep and creased with crevasses on the side where we made our approach. The north side, with easy access from the top of the pass, was more gentle. It had no name and had never been climbed before. No one said a word, but we knew we had time at the top, while we waited for the porters to bring the rest of the equipment, to make an attempt. This is what we had come halfway around the world to do.

The moraine was dangerous. Huge boulders were loosely embedded in the soil, and when the man above me walked the chances were good that he would knock something loose. There were seven of us, and the work was hard. The air grew thinner, and we picked our way up, breathing more heavily. As we went higher, the falling boulders seemed to come more swiftly when they came, and we moved more slowly getting out of their way.

We got up the moraine behind schedule. The Sherpas were worried, because they had to descend the same night. The ice field was worse. Drifted across it were about three feet of loose snow, with a breakable crust. At 17,000 feet we broke through the crust, pulled out and broke through again and again with every step. It was maddening. We couldn't always get a firm foothold to climb out, so we'd just keep floundering forward, pushing against the hard crust, waist-deep in the snow.

The ice slope was easier walking but steeper, and we chopped large steps for the Sherpas. By now Gary, David and I were exhausted. We had broken trail all across the snowfield. The last few hours had drained us.

The top was safe, at least. A large, flat snow slope went off toward the south peak. A high rock wall to the north would be dangerous if we camped close to it, so we found a spot on the lower part of the snowfield. The Sherpas left immediately and, with the sun going down and a wind beginning to chill us, we struggled to make camp.

With about half an hour's digging we had carved a platform for the tent. In another few minutes we were inside and trying to make things comfortable. Instead of air mattresses we had brought light insulating pads made out of Epsolite, and we put these on the floor of the tent. With the Epsolite and our body heat, the tent was warm enough for us to unzip our jackets. Dave and Gary flopped on their sleeping bags, exhausted. I was starving and, with a sort of clumsy determination, began making dinner.

Stoves are terrible things. At 19,000 feet, when it is windy and your fingers won't work right, they are impossible. Dinner turned out to be a lukewarm hoosh made of dried soup, tinned beef and beanloup, with some cheese, nuts and chocolate for dessert. I wolfed down mine and then got Gary and Dave to eat theirs. The food brought all of us around a bit, and we went outside to secure the tent in the face of rising winds. We put the equipment boxes against the tent and poured water on the snow around the tent pegs to freeze the pegs into the snow.

I looked south to the peak. It looked like a sleeping giant, peaceful and yet a little unpredictable. It was dark now, and the cold wind soon drove me back inside. We talked for a little while about "our peak." We agreed to get an early start and then see how far we could go. There wasn't much talk about making a summit attempt out of it, because we had no idea how long it would take us to cross the long snowfields and pick our way up its steep upper slopes. We would see when we got there.

Night was easy, as nights go at that altitude. The tent

*Continued*

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## TEST LAPCHA *continued*

held, and the cold wasn't unbearable. We began to experience the first overt manifestations of high altitude, however. Several times I woke up gasping for breath. Each time I had to take several slow breaths, not too long and not too deep a little like breathing from an aqualung—and this put me back to sleep.

We moved slowly in the morning. After tea and some cereal we got out of the tent and put on all our high-altitude gear. Then we started the climb up the mountain. We moved with studied slowness: a step and then a breath, a step and then a breath. For hours we moved across the lower snowfields in a slow steady rhythm. It was warm, and there wasn't much wind. The climb was tiring, but we were encouraged. We were making good progress, and the crevasses on the upper ice fields didn't look impassable as we got closer.

As the mountain got steeper, we roped up and became more cautious. Gary led, with David second. The first several crevasses were easy. Sometimes we had to work our way back and forth looking for a good spot to cross, but the solid ice and snow made it relatively safe. As the mountain got steeper still, we had to climb the upper side of each crevasse. It was more difficult now. The altitude made what was an enjoyable stunt on a lower glacier a difficult and dangerous effort here. We changed leads, leaving David second, with Gary and me switching. The ice walls were 8-to-10-foot high by now, and there were several of them we had to climb. After each we had to stop and breathe deeply for a long time. We were climbing rapidly, and the altitude and wind were getting to us. We had to zip up our jackets and keep our backs to the wind as much as possible.

We could see a place where the mountain disappeared above us. The sun was on it. It looked like a summit. The wind was coming up, and it was getting late. This was when we had to decide. We were very tired, but we figured that everyone is very tired at that altitude, especially without oxygen. We were well over 21,000 feet, and we estimated the summit to be about 22,000 feet.

We looked at each other, and Gary made an upward motion with his thumb. Dave and I followed suit. It was for real now. We had stopped pretending that we were just out for a walk, and each of us was psychologically committed to getting to the top of the mountain. This commitment means a lot. A climber, after years of struggling up peaks, learns to run on nerves the last few hundred feet of any mountain. He will take incredible punishment and hurl himself against impossible odds simply because he has decided to climb to the top.

Up we went, slowly: step, breath, step, breath. The crevasses ended, and the mountain narrowed to a sharp snow ridge. The snow was solid, and we could get a good foothold with our crampons. The ridge was exposed, though, and the wind threatened to blow us off. It stung our faces and sucked the heat out of our bodies. I took a picture, and my fingers stuck to the metal on my camera.

The wind made it difficult to stay on our feet. The ridge got narrow and steep. We walked bent over, with our hands on the snow. The last few hundred feet we climbed on all fours. We crossed a small flat spot and then crawled the final few feet to the summit, completely exhausted.

I looked up, while Gary and Dave hung onto the mountain. "Look," I shouted, and pointed. Silence. Then the three of us burst into laughter. It was so disappointing yet so impossible that we could only laugh. Above us was a 200-foot ice wall, absolutely sheer, and so hard it sparkled. To the east was the face we had seen the day before, and to the west was a long avalanche-streaked slope dropping to the Rohwaling Icefall. A traverse across either would have been foolhardy, and the ice wall was impossible. It would have been very difficult even at low altitudes, and it was absolutely out of the question here. We saw all this in a few seconds' silence and then we laughed.

We decided to call the place where we stood the north summit. Fatigue was stronger than disappointment. We unroped, ate a bar of chocolate, sipped a little water and took a few pictures. Then we got ready to descend. We had to be

*continued*



on the snow and hold onto our ice axes, driven up to the blade in the snow, to stay on the mountain. The cold was less noticeable than the wind. Without a backward look we started down.

We stayed unruffled, descending to the small snow flat where the ridge got steeper, where we planned to rope up again. In those first few feet I slipped. I caught myself in a self-arrest purely by reflex, and stood up, warning the others about the tricky spot. Gary and Dave thought the self-arrest was such a pretty job that I got a small round of applause. Gary came across with no trouble.

Dave started down, and as Gary and I turned to look at the route below, Dave yelled. We turned and watched him go by on his back about 15 feet away from us. He was trying to get over onto his stomach. In a few seconds he was past the flat spot and onto the steeper ridge, where he picked up speed. He disappeared over the edge of one of the steeper spots. We saw him twice more, tumbling as he slid down the mountain at greater and greater speeds. Finally he shot out across the lower slopes and came to a halt against one of the wind-blown snow ridges that streaked the snowfields near the pass.

We watched in disbelief. There is a kind of optimism that climbers—especially the younger ones—possess that tells them, even while they are taking great precautions, that nothing will ever really happen. We had made one mistake—failing to rope ourselves together again—and the consequence was disaster. We could tell from where we stood that Dave was in very serious trouble.

We descended, roped, just as quickly as we could without throwing ourselves down the slope after Dave. We had cut bucket steps on the way up. We could use these almost like a ladder on the way down, making good progress in spite of fatigue and high winds. A few hundred feet from Dave I saw how serious the fall had been. One boot was ripped completely off and lay in the snow a few yards from his body. The web strap on his ice ax was ripped in half. He lay twisted and discolored against one of the sashtrugi. I felt his pulse and listened for his heart. Nothing. Quickly Gary put the

boot back on, and I zipped up his jacket. We moved him as little as possible, but we got his head slightly downhill and then used our summit packs to raise his body off the snow. Then I sent Gary to the base camp for the extra tent, stove, sleeping bag and medical equipment we had put aside for an emergency—even though months earlier, back in the States, we had never dreamed something like this would happen. Gary, fighting fatigue, charged off across the slopes to the main camp.

Almost immediately I knelt in the snow and started to give Dave artificial respiration, mouth-to-mouth. He was very cold, and from the first moment I had seen him I knew there was little hope. For two hours in the wind and gathering darkness I tried to find some response in David. I massaged his face and hands at the same time that I gave him artificial respiration. There was no sign of life, never a flicker or a movement.

Gary crawled up the last few hundred feet with the emergency equipment. I stood up and waved to him to forget it. He left it and joined me. I had lost all feeling in my toes and hands and was exhausted from the effort of trying to revive my comrade. I told Gary what I had done, and we agreed that there was nothing more to do.

With the growing impact of the altitude, the physical exhaustion and the psychological shock of watching a friend die, Gary and I were now battling for our own survival. We dug a trench in the snow as deeply as we could and put David into it. After a moment of silence, a muttered Tibetan prayer and the Lord's Prayer, we put David's ice ax all the way into the snow near his head. We left a good friend and a good man at rest in the mountains he had come to love.

In the bitter cold of night Gary and I slowly descended to the base camp, Gary nearly crazy with fatigue, I with no feeling in my hands or feet. Both of us were incapable of talking about what had happened. It would be days before we could piece it all together.

That night was terrible, alone on Tesi Lapcha with the wind trying to tear our tent off the mountain. Gary went to sleep lying on his sleeping bag. I began thaw-

ing water for tea. We were seriously dehydrated and short on energy. After a long time there was enough water for two cups of tea, which we heaped with sugar and lemon. I woke Gary up, and we washed down some raisins, nuts and chocolate.

Morning was clear and cold, and the murderous wind had died down. We broke camp, cooked a miserable breakfast—one of the stoves threatened to blow up—and packed, waiting for our Sherpas. They came late, and very tired after their climb up from the valley. When they heard of David's death they showed little emotion. Later one of them offered us a little of his dried cheese, an unusual thing for a Sherpa to do.

We left Tesi Lapcha anxious for the first time to get to safer ground and to an easier life. David's death had taken all the sport out of the trip. Gary and I felt little thrill as we looked down on the massive Rolwaling Glacier. It looked big and cold and dangerous. All we wanted to do was get across it and get home.

It took us four weeks to do so. We encountered danger several times, but in retrospect all of it pales beside the memory of David's death. My hands and feet gave me trouble. I lost all feeling in them that terrible night, and when it did come back my feet were very tender and walking was painful. We were both weaker than we thought and the final days of the expedition were a nightmare.

Now it is over. It was a rare experience in the mechanized, comfortable 20th century to feel each day that you had to depend on your skill and wit. For many days we had tested ourselves and won. It was something never to forget.

But from the beginning the expedition was so much the product of three friends working together—planning, hoping and finally doing—that when David died it ceased being the old expedition. It was no longer the adventure of a lifetime for three college kids from the West Coast, but a grim struggle for existence. The great memories and the things we learned are tarnished by what happened on Tesi Lapcha. Time has given us some perspective, but a good man is with us no longer, and no amount of time will ever change that.

END

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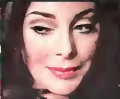
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# BASEBALL'S WEEK

by HERMAN WEISKOPF

## NATIONAL LEAGUE

There was no place like home as far as National Leaguers were concerned. Twenty-eight of the first 44 games this season were won by the home team (a .536, or pennant-winning, percentage), including eight of 11 one-run contests. One of the few teams that did not prosper at home was SAN FRANCISCO (2-2), though Giant fans showed up for the Candlestick Park opener bedecked in orange and black, the team colors. Among the stylish orange fashions worn by women were raincoats, handbags, gloves, hats, earrings, sweaters, shoes, miniskirts and one orange leather helmet. The black umbrellas carried by many of the men were more functional (it rained intermittently) and appropriate (the Giants lost to the Cardinals on an error in the 11th). When Juan Marchal lost his third straight game the next day he was booed lustily. Said Willie McCovey of his grand-slam homer, which helped beat the Braves 6-5 and which barely cleared the fence, "I just stood there and bled. I think I blew the ball over." ATLANTA (3-1) Manager Billy Hitchcock had brought in rookie left-hander Ramon Hernandez, allegedly a whiz at retiring left-handed batters, to face McCovey. It was the only bit of strategy that failed to work last week for Hitchcock. Earlier in the week he had intentionally walked left-handed-batting Joe Morgan of HOUSTON (0-5), thereby leading the bases and setting up a force at any base. It also pitted Brave right-hander Tony Cloninger against former Brave slugger Eddie Mathews. Cloninger got Mathews on a soft fly ball. In the last of the ninth in that game, Hitchcock sent Muck Jones, a lefty, up to pinch-hit. When left-hander Dan Schneider came in to pitch for the Astros, Hitchcock had Jim Beauchamp, a right-handed batter, hit for Jones. Beau-

champ hit a sacrifice fly, and the Braves won. The rain in LOS ANGELES (3-2) stayed mainly in Dodger Stadium, and for the first time since they moved to California the ex-Brooklynites were forced to postpone a game. Adolfo Phillips of CHICAGO (2-2) muffed an easy fly and gave the Phillies three runs. Later in the game Phillips, beset by pep talks from teammates and coaches between innings, cracked a two-run homer to beat the Phillies. PITTSBURGH (1-2) Pitching Coach Clyde King detected a flaw in Rob Vaile's motion, and while the Pirates batted in the fourth inning of a game against the Cubs he took the big left-hander to the bullpen to correct the problem. Over the last six innings Vaile did not allow a hit and finished with a two-hit, 6-1 victory. Converted Outfielder Mel Queen pitched 5 2/3 hitless innings in relief as CINCINNATI (4-2) notched its fourth win in five tries against the Astros, as many as the Reds took from them all last year. Julian Javier of ST. LOUIS (3-2), who hit .130 and .103 against the Giants in 1965 and 1966, hit two homers in San Francisco last week, and Tim McCarver (.115 and .185) hit another. The biggest pity for Jim Bunning of PHILADELPHIA (1-2) has been NEW YORK (3-3), against whom he had a 13-2 record that included eight straight wins (four of them shutouts, another a perfect game) in Shea Stadium. This time the Mets got to Bunning and finally drove him out of the game—literally—when Don Bosch's single struck him in the seat of the pants.

Standings: St. L. 5-2, C. 5-3, PH 2-5, A. 2-5, S. 4, Ch. 3-4, P. 3-5, NY 4-1, LA 1-4, SF 2-1, Hou 2-0

## AMERICAN LEAGUE

Managers were in midseason form: furious. Bill Rigney of CALIFORNIA (4-2) locked the

clubhouse door after a 4-1 loss to DETROIT (3-2) in which the Angels transformed a hard-run attempt into a game-ending double play. The double play, an odd one, came about when Tom Satriano, batting with men on first and third, swung at a pitch and missed. Tiger Catcher Bill Freehan threw out the runner going to second and then took the return throw in time to null the runner coming in from third. After losing 6-5 to the Angels, Joe Adcock of CLEVELAND (2-4) told his troops, "Don't ever let us lose a game like this again." Adcock then told his players to remain in the clubhouse for 45 minutes to meditate upon their sins. Eddie Stanky of Chicago (3-3) said, "You blew this one, and if we lose the pennant by one game I want you to remember it," after his players lost 4-3 to WASHINGTON (2-2). Strong, silent Gail Hedges of the Senators maintained his composure even though fly balls kept dropping in front of his outfielders, but Dick Williams of BOSTON (2-2) snorted of pudgy Joe Foy, "He can hardly bend over to pick up the ball." Rookie left-hander Bill Rohr was working on his second straight shutout against NEW YORK (2-2), until Elston Howard, who the week before broke up his no-hitter, drove in a run in the eighth. The Yankees extended to eight their number of games without a home run. Nine home runs, three each by Frank Robinson and Curt Blefary—once a Yankee farmhand—perked up the sputtering BALTIMORE (2-3) offense. Catfish Hunter and Jack Aker (before) of KANSAS CITY (2-4) combined to pitch a four-hitter against the Orioles. Of Hunter's strong performance Pitching Coach Cot Deal said, "Catfish has become a man."

Standings: Cal 2-5, NY 4-1, Ch 4-3, Det 4-3, Bal 1-5, KC 1-4, Wash 4-3, Min 4-3, Bos 4-5, Cle 4-6

## HIGHLIGHT

Reliever Jack Aker of the Athletics, who is one-eighth Polynesian, is supplying a new twist to the old cowboy-and-Indians plot. Take his work. Jim (Catfish) Hunter of the Athletics was pitching the finest game of his career against the Orioles. Hunter had a 3-1 lead in the bottom of the ninth, when he suddenly got into trouble by giving up a single and a walk. There were two out, but Hunter's first pitch to Wade Held was sky-high and there was hardly a soul in Baltimore who was not confident that the A's, true to their traditional second-division form, would blow the game. Then out of the bullpen came Aker. He is a former junior college full-back and a former minor league outfielder who

hit so poorly that, although he had been only a mediocre high school pitcher, he was advised to go back to pitching. Despite his unimpressive background, batters now have an abiding respect for Aker, who last year set a major league record with 26 saves. In Baltimore, he warms up pitches out of the way, Aker quickly disposed of Held on a routine grounder and earned his second save of the season. Three days later he drove in the lead run in the eighth inning, then once again stopped the Orioles cold as he won his second game of the year. Jack is called The Chief. The Savage and Halfbreed by teammates, and less complimentary names by opponents. When The Chief comes to the rescue (forget the cavalry) he leaves American League batters feeling like so many General Custers.



KANSAS CITY'S JACK AKER





# 19<sup>TH</sup> HOLE THE READERS TAKE OVER

## ISSUE

Sirs:

Without a doubt your issue of April 17 was the greatest in a long line of superb efforts. The color photos and coverage of the Masters, the NBA Eastern Division playoffs and the forthcoming baseball season have to rank as classics. For a change, even your predictions sounded accurate, especially the one about St. Louis.

BOB MAZZOLENI  
JEFF MADISON

Buddelford, Me

## EXTRA INNINGS

Sirs:

That was a Baseball Issue! The interested fan had to dig deep to find coverage on the sport. I suppose any year Nucklax does not win the green coat at Augusta (that is news) and justifies a lead article. I don't even mind the second story on how the 76ers pushed the Celtics around. After all these years of Boston domination, Philadelphia deserves some publicity. But these eight useless pages of scouting reports for the 20 major league baseball teams defy reason. Why, a Baltimore roster could easily miss your brief mention of the colorful, explosive Orioles, who are surely the biggest diamond attraction this season.

DONALD M. LYNN

Lutherville, Md

Sirs:

Your form charts and analyses of the 20 major league teams added up in a grand slam. Despite the fact that I've been a Pirate fan since the Greenberg Gardens, I subscribe to your statement that the 8-to-5 odds on the Bucs are out of line. The Pirates hit over their heads last year, and even if they do it again this year they can't get enough runs to overcome the earned runs given up by the pitchers and the unearned runs given up by inept fielding and no catching. I've many Wilts won't help, because he won't be running as much as he should. Mix in a little overconfidence and you have disaster in the Steel City. Somebody better keep an eye on the Cardinals.

J. D. DONATELLI

Portland, Ore

Sirs:

I fail to see why you must continually understate the Cleveland Indians. It seems your most cutting phrases are always saved for the Tribe (if they are not already reserved for the Browns in the fall). In your Baseball Issue you predicted that the Cleveland club would not finish high in the first division. This may be true but third or fourth place is not out of reach. You also stated that neither

Gus Gid nor Larry Brown figures to hit .250, but how many other shortstops and second basemen do, besides McAuliffe, Fregoso and Aparicio?

You then continued to knock the hitting by saying that neither Joe Judge (.275) nor Duke Sims (.263) is a threat to win the batting championship. They just happen to be the two best-hitting catchers in the American League. How could you say what you did?

CARL FAZZO JR.

Cleveland

## SIC TRANSIT

Sirs:

The Boston Celtics have finally been dethroned (*The New Spirit of the 76ers*, April 17). The Philadelphia 76ers are indeed a great team and deserving of a championship. To be champions a team must beat the best, and in defeating the Celtics the 76ers have certainly done that. But no one can take away from the Celtics what they have accomplished. They won eight straight world championships, and nine in 10 years. No team has ever approached that record, and chances are no team ever will.

The era of the Celtics may have ended, but their glory lingers on.

J. J. CICCIARELLA

Notre Dame, Ind

Sirs:

Congratulations to Frank Deford for a well-written article. It was a fine tribute to a great, proud Boston team and to Philadelphia's new champs.

But let's hope the 76er fans learn to give credit to other teams as well as to their own for good basketball play.

DOUGLAS R. CORIO

Salem, N.H.

Sirs:

I bitterly resent Mr. Deford's alluding to the great Boston fans as frenzied, fan-weather friends and mental midgets. After the disgusting "animal show" in Philadelphia in the fifth game of the series, Boston fans can be considered first-class in comparison. Please cancel my subscription.

GUINDO SANTOSIELI

Waltham, Mass

Sirs:

I would like to add some clarification to a remark Frank Deford made about the Boston fans. Those people who booed the Celtics and Coach Russell are not the real fans. They are known as playoff people. The only games they ever go to are the playoffs, and that is only because they know somebody who can get them tickets. The true fans are

the ones who go to as many regular season games as possible and wait in line for hours to get playoff tickets. They back the Celtics 1,000%. To them the Celtics are No. 1 and will remain that way forever.

STEPHEN MELINE

West Roxbury, Mass

## FINSTERAARON

Sirs:

I found Dan Jenkins' report on the Masters (*A Glory Day for Gus*, April 17) wretchedly unfair to the new champion, Gay Brewer. In the opening paragraph Jenkins refers to Brewer as a man "who has been strolling along on the PGA tour for 10 years achieving no more of an identity than, oh, Julius Finsteraar." Now, how utterly contemptuous can one be? Certainly an SI reporter must know Brewer's record better than stupid commentary. But even more fatuous is Jenkins' failure to grasp the big drama of the Masters. It was not Hogan's 66, although that was wonderful. It was, rather, the first *mano a mano* I can recall in any Masters series, the match between Nichols and Brewer, competing as playing companions. It was not Ventura in the clubhouse, transfixed and unbelieving before a TV set as Arnie birdies 17 and 18 in win, nor was it Player edging before the same set as Arnie makes a 6 on the 18th to give away the Masters. It was Gay Brewer, rising like some phoenix from last year's ashes, who created the drama in the 1967 Masters.

Julius Finsteraar? My goodness, Mr. Jenkins!

GEORGE GUTERKUNT

Sausalito, Calif

Sirs:

The last column of your article about the Masters is now stained by a few tears from an unrepentant golfer-shooter who didn't even cry at *The Pride of the Yankees*. A wonderful tribute to a wonderful sportsman.

Ben Hogan

PETE BIER

New Orleans

Sirs:

Alfred Wright's article on the foreign players in this year's Masters (*The World Comes to Augusta*, April 10) was excellent. I attend this great tournament every year and I know what it is to see and talk to these great golfers. How moving it was to see 18-year-old Bobby Cole of South Africa drive with the likes of Nicklaus and Palmer. After following him in this year's rounds I'm inclined to agree with Gary Player that he will truly be a superstar one day.

DON R. TIMMERMAN

Edgefield, S.C.

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### 18TH HOLE

#### FOUL CLAIM

Says

A foul was committed in the third part of your series on Bill Hartack's *A Hat Role*. All the *Hay*, March 27 et seq. I, and I believe that, on second thought, the first one to admit the foul would be the jacks himself.

Discussing his feuds with officials and the press, Hartack stated, "I was on a horse [first Fair] for Arnold Winick at Tropical Park, and I said the horse was unsound. The stewards and the veterinarian didn't believe he was unsound. They ordered him back to the paddock, and the people booed me something terrible. They finally got a jock, Buck Thurnburg, to ride him, and he ran terrible.... Where was the educated, intelligent press then? The press that's going to print the truth, tell the facts? Where were they at? Beautiful. Beautiful people."

What would an educated, intelligent, beautiful newspaperman do in a case such as this? I would say he would leave the press box, go to the jockey room and interview Hartack, despite his known aversion to speaking to reporters during the afternoon. Then the reporter would watch the race, return to the jockey room and interview Hartack again. Then he would interview Thurnburg, the stewards, the track veterinarian and Mr. Winick, the trainer.

That, at least, is what I did, and I wrote three stories (in *The Morning Herald*) that tell, I believe, the full story of the first Fair episode—contradicting *A Hat Role* all the way. The first, which appeared under the headline **HARTACK'S WORD**, so was correct, told the story as Hartack tells it—the way it happened. Nine days later I wrote a brief piece under the headline **ALL SEVEN US HARTACK HORSE**, which noted that Hartack was keeping the veterinarians on their toes. "Hartack was scheduled to ride Cam's Abel, favorite on Monday's fifth race in a field of nine. But the track veterinarian took no chances with Hartack.... He scratched Cam's Abel three hours before post time."

During the week that followed, I first Fair did not put in an appearance on the race track. When he did I interviewed Winick again. Here is an excerpt from my third column, which appeared April 17, 1962 under the headline **THE 1961 WILLIAM HARTACK**. THE 1961 WILLIAM HARTACK:

"Last week, Owner-Trainer Arnold Winick brought first Fair back to the races for the first time since the controversial incident. The 6-year-old roan finished fourth in his annual outing but galloped home a three-length winner Saturday.

"Did you find anything wrong with first Fair after Hartack refused to ride him?" Winick was asked.

"No-runs showed that he had a hairline fracture of the sesamoid," the young trainer replied."

Perhaps I had an edge on my fellow news-

papermen in this case, because Bill Hartack and I have always gotten along well and I am an admirer of his honesty and of his determination to do what he believes is right, regardless of the consequences. But here, I submit, is an exception to Hartack's "rule" of indifference, inordinate or even lack of integrity on the part of the press as it appears in this article.

REIS HARRIS

Tulsa Editor

*The Morning Herald*

Miami

Says

I have read the three-part series on "Sir William of Hartack," and the only thing that I take exception to is Sir William's reference to a group of race people who are being intimidated. I am referring to the jacks' agents, who don't deserve the comments made by a better racing man. He says, "I guarantee that in the 15 years I've been riding I've had fewer agents than some of the riders in the top 20." How wrong can he be? I can list 24 jacks' agents who have had Hartack's book from 1953 to 1967, and there are about half a dozen others whom I can't think of at this time. Among the names are some of the top men in the profession and, believe me, it is a profession. I don't think there has ever been a jockey who has had even half as many agents as Hartack has.

CORR LYSO

Director of Racing

The Maryland Jockey Club

Baltimore

ALL MVP

Says

While I agree with you that All-America teams, all-stars and the like are at best good discussion-stimulators and at worst indicative of next to nothing, I must take issue with your choice of Mike Nykoluk's case to prove your point (Second story, April 10). As an avid Hershey Bear fan for more than 10 years, I can appreciate the reasons that caused the American Hockey League coaches to elect Nykoluk as the MVP while not electing him to the first-team All-Star berth. Nykoluk is certainly no slouch as a center, but his value to the Bears is based on the fact that he is the best penalty-killer in the AHL and, perhaps, in any league.

It is entirely possible that Labossiere is a better center than Nykoluk and is thus deserving of his first-team selection. But, adding his center play and penalty-killing together, Nykoluk is far more valuable to the Bears than Labossiere is the Quebec Aces. I think the AHL coaches should be commended for their attempt to make such award meaningful and indicative of what it sounds for.

TERRY WATERS

Hanover, N.H.

## In This Corner, the One, the Only McGonnigal

It's a great thing to be in on the making of a champ. I know, because my buddy, Tom Farley, and I had the experience a long time ago when we were hesh about 15. It was during the Depression, and our hero was a promising young welterweight named Jimmy McGonnigal. He was a kid from a family of Scottish shipbuilders who had left the banks of the Clyde to stake their hopes on the bright new world and ended up in my home town of Weymouth, Mass.

Jimmy had decided to forgo shipbuilding for the quicker rewards of the prize ring, and, after a couple of years of club fighting, he got his big chance—a match with Lou Brouillard. Lou was a battleship of a boy who had come out of the north woods and chopped his way close to the top of his division. Everybody said he was a cinch for the championship.

The match was to be a 10-rounder, the main event on a card at Keene, N.H. Keene is not now and never exactly was the boxing capital of the world. Nonetheless, it took on the character of a holy city for me and Tom. We determined to make a pilgrimage there.

To the mobile, affluent youth of today, a trip of 60-odd miles from Weymouth to Keene is merely a Coke hop. In that pre-Honda era, it loomed as a cross-country leap. Nevertheless, we got parental permission for the trip and thumbed a ride to Keene the night before the fight despite the fact that we had not a single cent in our jeans. For lodging, we did what many kids did in those days. We went to police headquarters and stated our case. Once the desk sergeant had satisfied himself that we were not a pair of out-of-town hoodlums to make a killing on the big fight, he let us sleep in a cell. Not, however, before warning us that our boy McGonnigal was outclassed.

Tom and I hung around town next day until the hour for the fight drew near. Then we made our way to the hotel where McGonnigal was staying. Dressed in khaki pants and a sweat shirt, Jimmy grinned out at us through his unshaven

face and asked, "How did you guys get here?"

We told him how we had spent the night in the jailhouse, figuring that this would qualify us as loyal rooters if nothing else would.

He looked at us, shook his head, then asked, "You kids had anything to eat lately?"

We mumbled something about a big breakfast. "Here," said Jimmy, and handed me a dollar. "Go downstairs and grab a bite. Be back here in 20 minutes. After that, we'll see what we can do."

Half an hour later we all drove to a barnlike arena on the edge of the city. At the door, the ticket-taker nodded to McGonnigal and asked, "Who are these guys?"

"They're in my corner," said Jimmy, winking. The man grinned, and we swept by. Except for watching Jimmy train at our local gymnasium, I had never seen a prizefighter. The noise, the smell of sweat and smoke and steaming breath, the sight of glistening bodies grappling in an island of light filled the place with a bright magic. I knew at that moment what it was like to be a prizefighter—it was all bright, endless excitement and glory and swaggering triumph.

Jimmy led the way to a back room, where he conferred with two of his brothers, his official handlers. He got into his trunks, and on his shoulders he draped his bathrobe, a shabby, silken thing that, in our eyes, took on the majesty of a toga. Moments later Tom and I were huddled by ringside. Above us danced the pride of our home town, our friend and benefactor, wearing whale trunks and weighing 145 pounds, the one, the only, the original Jimmy McGonnigal. He tried the ropes, flexed his muscles, banged one glove against the other and smiled down at us. It was like knowing a prince of the blood.

Then Brouillard clambered into the ring, and the brightness that suffused the hall when we first came in suddenly lost its warmth.

The gong struck, and Brouillard came storming from his corner. Our boy was

fast on his feet. He was brave, and he was clever. And he was hopelessly over-matched. Before the first round was over Jimmy was bleeding from a gash above one eye, and his nose looked like a dish of cherry ice cream. But the hurts he suffered were nothing compared to the agony Tom and I felt. Every time Lou hit Jimmy we felt it in the pit of our stomachs. By the fifth round all we wanted was for the punishment to stop. Nobody needed money that much, and surely no fame, no glory, was worth such torture.

When the gong sounded to end the fight five interminable rounds later, either Brouillard didn't hear it, or he was so engrossed in his work that he forgot to heed it. In any case, as Jimmy turned to stumble back to his corner he caught a bonus Brouillard left hook in the gut. The referee pulled Brouillard back, motioned him to his corner, then grabbed McGonnigal's right arm and held it aloft. Victory was ours, albeit on a foul, but all we cared about was that the ordeal finally was ended.

Back in the dressing room, Tom and I stood by with lumped throats and tied tongues as Jimmy's brothers patched him up. We shuffled out through the deserted arena to a car that one of the brothers owned. Tom and I were invited to come along with Jimmy & Co., and we did. The ride back in that frosty September midnight was a somber one. Nobody could thank of much to say. Once Jimmy turned to the brother who was driving and spoke quietly. "He's tough, that guy—tough. He'll make it."

When Tom and I got out in the town square and mumbled our thanks, Jimmy leaned over and said, through swollen lips, "Thanks for coming, kids. Hope you enjoyed the fight."

We said we had enjoyed it very much. We lied.

As we started off, Jimmy said something else. "You kids were lucky—the first prizefight you ever saw—and, whether you realized it or not, you saw a champion in action."

We realized that, all right.

—J. NORMAN MCKENZIE

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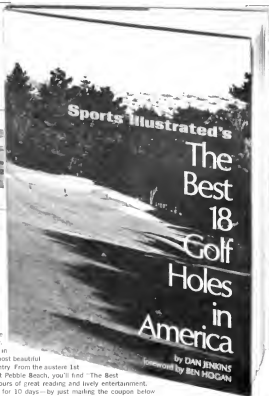
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